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# THE RADICAL.

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## THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT.\*

THE familiar cry of children over their games and good things, *go shares*, comprises the morality, or as the catechism has it, whole duty of man. A dog, or squirrel on the common, running off from his companions with a nut or bone for himself, is not a sublime object; yet is the exact type of the man who would take any knowledge or art, philosophy or nature, to roll as a sweet morsel under his own tongue. To go shares in the state is civilization. To go shares in religion is Christianity. *Going* shares is the only way to *get* them. In the avarice of a selfish individualism is no gain. As many jars serve us in the galvanic battery, so from combination of minds, every one has the uses of society and the Church.

But what Church; Greek, Roman, English, Genevan? For the Church of the Spirit I speak. Some are fond of telling us they do not go to church anywhere. But somehow of the Church we must be, or else feed on our own stingy thoughts, as the worst of epicures. It has been said, if four persons put each a finger under the body of a heavy man, and then breathe together, they can lift him from the ground. So any burden of humanity, in the common breath of the Spirit, we can raise. So meant the old Latin motto: "If you have aught better, give it me; if not, partake you of this!" For, though individual, we are social in every interest of life. An English essayist writes, that if a hermit in his cave should hear of a devastating deluge, he would rush out to find some possible survivors of the catastrophe; and to rescue from worse floods, we must band together.

Solitude is a means, but charity the end; our privacy for the public good; and our closets, materials to build the Church.

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\* A Lecture, read at the Parker Fraternity Rooms, Sunday Evening, Jan. 27.

But, as the Masonic officer declares as indispensable that the corner-stone of a building be laid fair and even, essential to all profitable association is truth. For want of that, every ecclesiastical establishment cracks, as our political union did. Falsehood for fellowship is not communion but conformity. It binds without cohesion, like a barrel with staves. But how compose diverse views of truth? Not according to the poor proverb, by agreeing to differ, but like musical notes, differing to agree. Veracity as a virtue, what we call truthfulness, is the only way to absolute truth. To toleration of each other, add a better tolerance of all honest thought, and we have the Church of the Spirit, which is joint liberty and love.

Yet how fear procrastinates and stands guard against this sincerity! I exhorted a friend to take a frank stand for liberality. He replied that he took mighty good care to tell no lies in the desk. I rejoined: that is a rare attainment, but are you not bound, moreover, actually to tell the truth? In court, office, business, marriage, and every human concern, by what but testifying, is the community held together? Yet we think with compromise to cement the kingdom of God. Dr. Channing told me, thirty years ago, how the wrestle was to end he did not know, only he saw the world had got the Church under then. So worldly men compound with conscience to become church-members. They subscribe a creed, and observe a form, on condition the moral law shall be relaxed to their case. In these times, brazen-faced robbers are allowed to say to their dismayed and smarting victims: "Pardon us, gentlemen! We will return some of these bonds we stole from your safe, if, unwhipped of justice, we can retain and live upon the rest." So, a regular business is set up. It is a peculiarity of modern law and manners. But who shall say whether it be more among hypocrites or thieves! No alloy of deceit with fact, however, will ever make peace. Generosity and justice are not opposed. Mercy and truth meet together. *Truthing in love*, to turn the Greek into English idiom, was Paul's maxim.

But custom so warps us from rectitude, and candor would require such continual labor, in Lord Bacon's phrase, to "subdue the shows of things to the desires of the mind," that thinkers are apt to conclude we must have two separate lines of procedure, a speculation of the brain going one way, and an outward speech to the stupid, the other. A preacher assured me he had learned to employ the accent of Philadelphia or New York at will, as he was in either place. But this duplicity, however made innocent to any man by his theory, is unhallowed. What God hath joined together it puts asunder. It is like the living apart of those who appear to be man and wife. Mat-

threw Arnold's doctrine of the scholar's pursuit of his themes, distinct from practice, will not enliven literature; nor a minister's thinking one way in his study, and talking another in his gown, promote religion. What but this untruth brings such criticisms as these: "It hurts my religious feelings to go to church. I get more in the street, than from the sermon. It made me shiver to see a certain priest talk like a book to a drunkard he met: I felt the drunkard inside was the best man of the two; for is not sanctimony worse than intoxication?"

Nevertheless, I maintain the necessity of the Church. These churchless folk are not of course elect and precious. All outsiders are not saints; nor is deserting the temple warrant of God's favor, or title to heaven. Men seeking no shrine, are commonly worse off in solitary self-indulgence, with a newspaper, novel, dram, or turn-out on the mill-dam. To pride one's self on never meeting to praise and pray for light, is poorer than any communicant's conceit. I admired not my neighbor's philanthropy when he said he went to church in his boat! But we may do as we will. As duellists say, in arranging the ground and sun squarely, we have in this matter a fair field and no favor. Ecclesiastical authority is mocked with such impunity, the papal thunder has become so theatric, excommunication is such heat-lightning nobody is hurt by, that those who excommunicate themselves, or, like Roger Williams, excommunicate the Church, make a pretty fight for respectability, and often get the best of it with favorites of the Heavenly King. I take part with the unchurched only as they, in something better than *regular standing*, belong to the Church of the Spirit. That ceremony was easy to go through, in England, called churching, after child-birth. It is for the *churched*, by lowly benignity, to prove the benefit of the process, and leave whoever declines without excuse. Personal integrity, and open profession must match. As the world is but mind visible, and the mind but the viewless world, both one universe, so common devotion and secret prayer must have the same intent. Then the sanctuary will be nurse of every longing; and our bended knee in loneliness centre of a cathedral, whither all saints and martyrs shall withdraw to keep us company.

This idea solves the question of church forms. Any mechanism, held intrinsically sacred, is a savage fetish. It is representative of value only, if like worn currency, it can, as the merchants say, be *called in*, and re-issued with a new and finer stamp. What heathen stock or stone, we pity and despise, is more an idol than a rigid rite, mass or formula, with a supposed virtue in itself? But this new idolatry how rife! Some are such hardened sinners as to be offended

with a benediction not in set phrase. But what is the mark of all live and life-giving worship, but flexibleness and perpetual surprise? A dress that yields to the figure, and bears the strain of the gymnast's utmost effort, is better than plaited armor, or silk brocade.

Yet without form, deeper than dress, we cannot do. As well annul the world, which is the form of God!

"Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,  
And weave the garment thou seest him by."

Place, hour, assembly is form. Ratio of spiritual animation is the point. Have a freshet of that, and symbol is as needful as the river-bank. As the strong body requires less clothing, most spirit to least form is the aim. In lower creatures vitality is superficial; in the higher, nerve and organ are hid. But all have some form; and, in religion, any form feeling sanctifies and makes good. It has been ludicrously said, that the priest baptizes his own fingers. No matter that he does, if the holy water drop also from his eyes! Does not the orator hear his own voice, the musician catch the tune he sings or plays? Do not we press and kiss our own, as well as another's hands and lips? Baptize, and welcome, if you can purify. But O, high-churchman, to regenerate, is not to manipulate! A minister, once, to his consternation, finding no water in the bowl, nevertheless dipped in his hand and baptized the baby with air. Just as good, if he had but known how to use it, instead of pretending to sprinkle with the lacking drops!

No precise mode is fundamental; and no elements, water, wine, or bread, indispensable. Purity, forsooth? Nothing but bigotry is *pure*, in him who declares a congregation no church for their variation or disuse.

A good woman once asked: "If they take away the bread and wine, what have we left?" God, and Christ, and man are left! Cannot they make a church without loaf or cup? The Church constituted by unchangeable rites? Such definitions, what violation of reason, what contradictions of history and Scripture as well! Was there no Church in that meeting with one accord, at Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost spoke by every tongue, because deacons were not officially present on the occasion to hand around the plates? You have been in a worshipping company, rapt in vision of truth, as one act and thought. The hundred groups of living statuary, as in a gallery, made no noise. The full church seemed as still as the empty. Only the quiet tones of the speaker's persuasion spread like soft breathings to every corner; and the clock-pendulum swung ticking to and fro, through the room. The hearer's heart was in the pulpit; the minister's heart in



the pew. An atmosphere full of Deity hung over ; a cloud of angelic witnesses seemed to surround ; and at the last syllable only an audible sigh of ecstasy, bordering on pain, relieved the general hush. Did not sermon, song, prayer, inspiration, create the Church at the instant, on the spot? Was it not formed by those "two or three" Jesus said he would be with unseen? Is what an apostle calls "the church in thy house" a dream? How do you define the church? I say it is sympathetic society ; not of conspirators, but of inspirers. Church and State? The church is the commonwealth! Insulated emblems, like casks tapped periodically, make an aggregation, not a church. The ties they make are not sutures, but schisms. The Holy Spirit cannot be let on like gas, or lighted as a sacred candle. A little girl asked her mother for what the gentlemen all looked so steadily into the crowns of their hats, just after seating themselves in their pews. She knew not it was a consent of silent prayer!

Such disjunctive conjunctions doubtless are all words, without the prime requisite of feeling. Censers, wafers, images, are just as good as nouns, adjectives, and verbs, if they convey as much. A dull sermon is no better than a dumb show. Give me a good picture, rather than a sentence that drags! How many a discourse is a lightning-rod that conducts no electric fluid! Jesus was known, how beautifully, to his disciples in the breaking of bread! Even in that his manner was like no other man's. Bread may still be so broken as to comfort no less than the same hands in lifting a prostrate frame, or rubbing a fevered limb. Not the appearance, the sense is all. One said the reason he liked his own minister was simply for his feeling what he said. How much unfeeling solemnity there is! Then the language is a train that does not connect, or an obstructed pipe that lets nothing out of the lake.

But, we are told, the Spirit has been tried by the Quakers, and failed. No, the Spirit never failed ; only another formality in its place. When Jesus, with gentle irony of his disciple's fickleness, in a play on Peter's name, said, "On this rock I will build my Church," what did he mean? A meeting-house, convocation, feast or immersion? No ; but a Christian community, take what shape it will, and be the numbers more or less ; under a roof, in a cavern or catacomb, on a hill-side, a school for freedmen, or refuge for fugitive slaves, a hall of Congress, or a cabin of a foundering ship, turned so signally once to a conference of prayer, uniting those, of all sects, the waves were ready to devour! The Church confined to a building, order of service, or so-called apostolic succession? When John Brown and his comrades stood in a Virginia Court, so helpless before the boasted

Southern steel, which the bosses of God's buckler, that are truth and justice, have so blunted since ; when he rode to the gallows in a cart, calm as his Master walked to Golgotha, through the same sort of rabble for lookers-on, that strolled round the cross, yet with sympathy of saints and twelve legions of angels, that, but for such rescue not being best for him, could have appeared at his side ; though no parting hymn, as at Olivet, rose ; and but one poor negro woman prayed ; while broken body and flowing wounds, or sweat like great drops of blood, alone, as at first kept the new passover, was there no church ? Show me the truer one, with set liturgy and clerical costume, and consecrated aisle, on which the sun of that day's tragedy, so soon to turn to glory for America, darkened as it went down ! No external shell is the Church. Victor Hugo, celebrating his ordinance of faith, in his own house on the isle of Guernsey, with a good dinner every few days to scores of poor children, said lately to those present, " a church may be built of stones, or of flesh and bone." It is the Church of the Spirit.

But is it not the Church of Christ ? Yes, the church that contains even him, and is contained only by God, Jesus but one member, though head and chief. But he is leader ; and a human leader, my friends assure me, we must have. Take for answer his own word of the Spirit ; the Comforter who will *lead* us into all truth. Lord and leader, because God's great follower, how he has been ! Sun and sky seem to have had commission to take his likeness and hang it on the walls of time. His one public year as a locomotive draws after it eighteen hundred. But even his person is immensely less than the Spirit. As that rises his importance abates, not absolutely, but relatively. My house is no lower because one is reared to overtop it in the neighborhood ! He set the Spirit so above himself, so postponed himself to the Spirit, he queried if even the forgiveness, so easy for an offence against him, could reach blasphemy against that ; and we marvel at the words in which reverence for infinite holiness would limit infinite grace. But they were his emphasis of the only thing for supreme desire. As the clouds had not poured out all their cups when the waters were gathered into the basin of the sea, but the sweet rain falls fresh from heaven, so the divine favor is not all stored in the Bible-deeps, but descends anew to-day. What disinherited orphans, had we but certain dried specimens, preserves of that privilege, however sweet, and not the direct taste ! It was said of some one's poetry, it was more like jam than fresh fruit. But the Spirit, in every figure, is fresh ; not like some fine orator spent with his efforts, to whom admiring listeners say he must be very much

exhausted, but continuing its noiseless discourse, to whoever's voice of prayer is a listening ear ; as for the true worshipper to hearken to God is the same as to speak.

But how can we distinguish between the Spirit and its register in specific words, or between it and our own mental processes within? I ask, how did Moses distinguish, or David, or Jesus, or Paul? Somebody has distinguished! The distinction must have been made before the seer could say, *Thus saith the Lord*, or intone one sentence of the Holy Ghost. By outward marvel did he discern the inward call? Was it by some faculty that no longer exists in the human mind? Is it that God himself, once articulate, has become dumb as the spirit Jesus cast out? They, to whom such questions have no inward answer, cannot be answered at all.

But this utterance of the Spirit, we are told, is vague, and we must have something definite. I answer, infinite and indefinite are not convertible terms, and to confound them is a mistake. Nothing is so definite as the infinite. The light is infinite, but how definitely it sparkles on a diamond's point! The air is infinite, but how definitely every moment it visits our lungs! The Spirit is infinite, but definite as a sunbeam to illumine, or the morning to inspire. It so thrills with love, and points to duty as to convince whoever it reaches that in the temper of his service is all its worth. No syllable of Holy writ, no direction or a guide-board is so clear as this interior admonition and consolation. The body of Christ, O Romanist, in the sacrament? We do not want his body, but his mind? Not the elements signify but how you touch them. I ask church-members to receive them but for tokens: and they take or leave them without question or observation as they may be disposed. I have myself repeatedly forgotten to eat the bread I broke; and I am ready for my judges if that be the unpardonable sin! But not the essence, only the accident or incident can it be. I know what multitudes fall from grace and lapse into this materialism. Church of the Spirit? Alas, with how many the *Church* is all! God is in it somewhere comprehended, not it and all things in him. A man, from an iron utensil one cold day lately, got a spark to his elbow; but he did not think the metal held the electricity it emitted. So even a cold church may be a medium, but never the source.

But some persons, admitting the private Spirit, assert it cannot make the Church. *Private* Spirit? There is no such thing! The more private, the more public and universal. Why not, of the common breath of the Divinity produce the moral kingdom, as one external air does that of animated life? But a scruple more dreadful, looking insuperable, remains,—that the formal church succeeds.

See, we are told, how it prevails over your spiritual one, triumphs in the land and world, to stir your envy and put you to shame ! I can only answer, what is success in a church ? Is it a throng, financial prosperity, a Sunday-concert in the temple, curiosity excited by advertised dishes, like bills of fare on placards outside a saloon, a tempting pickle of personalities served to the taste of traducers over whom genuine reformers grieve ? From some such thing do hundreds go away unable, as the papers inform us, to get admission ? What is the sum of such success ? Not that a crowd of people were interested, but what in ! If the administration be stately, we have to peel off the pomp to get at the religion, and sometimes peel it like an onion all away ; or open it, like a nest of boxes, till we come, box after box, in gradual diminution to a very small one in which there is nothing. Do you say : Well, if it be so, we cannot help it ; people are children, minors at years of indiscretion, attracted by toys ? We must have back the old frontlets and phylacteries, in some new style of white kerchiefs solemnly borne to the face for a headdress, or of ecclesiastical crinoline ; and the bleak puritan severity of your spiritual church must go by the board. To this I can but answer again, by asking, was there ever simplicity greater, more devoid of outer attraction and ornament, than that of Jesus ? Yet the common people heard him gladly. We exaggerate this need of consulting the senses so much in religion, and we underrate the religious capacity of the common mind. I rode successively in a cart with an Orthodox farmer and a Catholic stevedore, and found them so open to my worst heresies, for which I should expect little pity in higher quarters, that we became of one church. I met a lady of the Romish persuasion in a sick room. " I did not know," she exclaimed, " that you were my brother before." There is something, indescribable by our theological dividers, not of us but in us, that can make a majority of the thinnest ranks, and unanimity of contravening beliefs. Its finest issue is no ritual, but that spiritual speech which did not cease when the officers said : " Never man spake like this man ;" whose accents are caught from as many tongues as those old Parthians, Elamites, Cretes, and Arabians, to put what we call eloquence to shame, and convince us that, be divinity-students and pulpit-candidates more or less at any given time, the supply of religion will be equal to the demand, God's prophets fail no more than his inspiration, and *that* will die away no more than the blowing of the wind.

But my whole subject is a misnomer to some, who think the Spirit has nothing to do with the Church. They have signed off ; they have come out ; they have no stomach for the ritual board we spread. Like landlord-absentees from Ireland or Jamaica, they leave behind

the whole parish-estate, and hold the property not worth a cent. As the cry, *sauve qui peut*, rises in a routed host, and "the devil take the hindmost," they but wish to fetch off their individual integrity safe. But their philosophy is wrong. Truth is not inconsistent with sympathy. It requires unity. There is no such thing as an individual whole. We are all parts; and hearty fellowship alone, in the mathematical phrase, can raise each soul to the highest power. We sometimes see a brother so shy he reminds us of the partridge we hunted after in our boyhood through the woods, always drumming, the moment we approached, on some other tree; or of the hen laying her eggs in out-of-the-way places, whose hiding I have seen the farmer's wife poke after with her stick. But for the hole he creeps into, such a man pays dear rent in his health. He grows morbid in mind and less a man. It is not good for man or woman to be alone, save in a solitude peopled with fellow-creatures in vision, and busying heart and brain with plans to serve, and preparation to meet our race. A man, who never saw the inside of the meeting-house, admitted he liked to see the village-spire; and his compunctious wife said, "to be sure there is little wisdom or benefit of clergy there; but hang the preacher! It is good for us to get together." I suggested Herbert's lines —

"If all want sense,  
God takes a text,  
And preaches patience,"

But the pulpit is slandered by this wholesale conceit of its folly, by those ignorant of what they condemn. Expect not me to turn state's-evidence! I stand by my order! Preaching, so far as I know, is as good as lecturing, or pleading, or the political harangue. The old institution is a basis on which it but needs some spiritual motion to edify mankind; and it is the glory of one cherished, though long vanished; I mean Theodore Parker, that this hope of some sort of church and religious communion he never gave up. The hard student was no hermit. From the love, that was such a passion in him, came his so terrible hate of wrong. His soft tearful affection for good men, inverted was edged like steel against evil-doers. His sensibility was Hector's plume nodding above his spear. The feather of his tenderness winged the arrow of judgment and sped it straighter to its mark. His soul, in search of his choice luxury of knowledge, was never drawn to any secret selfish haunt, but given to friends, and longing for all tribes as his kith and kin. The born soldier enlisted for a campaign of destruction, with such execution as the grandfather's revolutionary musket, leaning in the corner of his room, never did. Verily the musket, which he inherited, he im-

proved! I differed with him in some of his opinions. I honored him that he stood to his guns. The stone, which his mother told him in his boyhood, the voice of God forbade his throwing at the turtle, he did not after all quite throw away, but laid carefully by for robbers and thieves of the fold. If the great abolitionist of slavery and superstition, in the heat of conflict, like others, ever mistook his temper or his foe, how America is in his debt for his stout *no* against iniquity and imposition, which was with him a word and a blow. Thanks to the warrior that fought our battle, self-conscripted, to fall prematurely on the field! If he brought no new ideas, and had little time or faculty to construct, how in the old tough rock of prejudice he drilled and blew up, leaving his half-empty powder-horn where death surprised him at his sweaty never-relaxing toil! Brave, honest, great-hearted brother, where thou didst blast we will build, taking some blocks from the ledge of thy quarry for the new temple of God. If with ill tale or slack measure of slight esteem, we any of us wronged thee in life, wilt thou not smile pardon on such atoning word and work?

The great apostle of negation, and prophet too of what he called absolute religion and morality, would tell us now the task of denial is substantially done. It is time to claim our birth-right, and God as our nearest relation; and whether there be persons enough to affirm the spirit's lessons and laws, is the question of date for the spiritual church. Do not signs in the air say "the hour cometh and now is"? The transition, that began ages ago, from the image to the offering, from the offering to the seer, advances from the seer to our sight. Is there no possible purity of heart for a lens through which to see God? Yes, we must take this last step. We cannot go back. If we go not on, we fall betwixt two stools, of idolatry and infidelity, into spiritual anarchy; while faith, to prove Comte's theory, forever dies. But I will credit no such fact. Say what the Positive School will, Theology lies not yet on her bier. Like a certain noble healthy woman, she may declare, "I am not ready for my coffin, and my coffin is not ready for me!" The idea of the spirit, communicating with its offspring, is more positive, though interior, than any natural science, with its skin-deep investigation of the surface of the world: for with what but the surface, in its deepest probing of lifeless matter or living flesh, does our material philosophy deal? You want to look on the inside. O Philistine, says Goethe, there is no inside! Truly there is not, in the dust of mineral or man. The inside is the soul, adjusted to that spirit, whose trail none can follow through earth or air. Yet how potent beyond all grosser force! How it clears away antiquated, obsolete notions, as the new growth in spring makes

the old dead oak-leaves tumble to the ground. Having its efficacy, we need not assail the shifting symbolism of the church, so temporary, smelling of mortality, and decadent as, in one or another part, it is. As children in a swing playfully scream, when they get high in the air: "Let her die now!"—so let us push ceremonies neither way, but declare the divine help every way in its priority and supremacy. How partially indeed it is owned, and what faint greeting it gets! How amusing, when, some distance ahead, comes along a man on the sidewalk, whom you would not recognize, to see you, in a sudden and very brown study, drop your eyes! So old stagers, well-equipped travellers, and influential leaders on the doctrinal pavement, ignore the advent of ideas; as exclusive people say of outside barbarians, not in their Chinese circle, "Who are they? We do not know that set!" and think to annihilate what they do not accept. But be our vizor up or down, our front erect, or ostrich-like head in the sand, ideas march, and nonsense in the same measure is flanked and gives way. Ask us not, as a cure for a supposed religious decline, to a medieval retreat to a multiple of sacred gestures and robes! By the grace of God we have arrived in the present century; and, instead of crab-like movements to pick up what reason has dropped, we propose still to proceed, saying, as did Edmund Burke to his British electors: "Applaud us when we run: console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake let us pass on!" We have not come to the end. There is more path. Though God's way be in the sea, it is a way. Let us keep to it, believing in our immortality as we see it run before us; and when, in the battle of ideas, we are attacked, let blame refresh us more than praise, as the soldier counts it good fortune to feel the enemy and draw his fire.

But here comes a strange warning from dainty mouths: "Do not be mixed up with vulgar folks in any new scheme calling itself a church!" Pardon me, my delicate friends, if I remember that Jesus was very much mixed up with people not in good standing, just like those we nick-name with our high-born contempt. He was the most mixed-up man that ever lived. The common charge against him was his keeping low company. Our "Tom, Dick, and Harry," sounding so coarse, were once Zacchæus, and Lazarus, and Simon, the Cyrenian, that bore the cross; only these look so fine, kept in the amber of the gospel-story. What is your super-fine leaven but the very thing to be mixed in the great lump of the dough of this world, though I heard it said of one nominal pastor, that he never mixed up anything that could feed anybody!

But this method of the boundless spirit, I am told, is altogether



too loose. The stringent counsellors and theological lawyers of the day, inform us that, when we build a house, we do not build it for all out of doors. Yes we do, I answer, if it be a house of God, or any human hospitality! Edward Everett, leaving his door to walk for his usual exercise, was wont to say: "I do not call this *going out*, but *going in*, — into the air." Into the whole air of humanity let us go! It is the spirit of God. "He that builds a fence," said my friend "fences out more than he fences in!" and what is the field but the world?

But once more I am asked, that field can we till without organization? No, indeed! But what is our organizer if not the Spirit itself? We say, *let us now organize!* I say, let it organize us. We may organize after a fashion on an error, with self-will or sectarian ambition, not obedient to the organic power. Are not Liberal Christians to some extent so organized now? Must I join their association, or else be a misanthrope, and ride a very obstinate hobby of my own? God bless their body and all denominations with the highest truth of religion for an organizing soul! Then we shall have no theological party, but that Church of the Spirit to which all co-workers for man's welfare belong. But, rather than be in a dogmatic church, let me retire from all churches! Rather than be in a world, whose only alternative for me is gossamer-illusion or a cast-iron scheme, let me back out of the universe and decline to live! But in no such dilemma is the Spirit I adore. Moreover, the only organic work is not to take a journey, sit in convention, make a speech, serve on a committee, or think to decide a theological proposition by a vote. The obscurest labor of love, to lighten any doom of men, makes us organs of God. Do you call it disintegration? Like the melting of old metal for a purer mould, it is for integration alone.

In fine, it is said, we could not have had the spirit without the letter and form. But the spirit takes precedence, like the President when he arrives! The conditions, like the Spirit, are past finding out. How this frame rose, I call myself, I cannot tell; or analyze myself back to that curious creature, the trilobite, which, though now a fossil, some count the ancestor of all flesh. I know not how much the Christian temple owes to the heathen out of which it was built. I have not measured my debt to synagogue, altar, pagoda, or mosque. Enough to have God's spirit; and having it, to try the spiritual experiment of breathing it together. Are we individuals so? We must have *individuals* to have a church; as we must have atoms before combinations.

Not a stroke of revolution, but a stage of evolution this will be. Breaking with the past is not progress. God is not only at our heart's

core, but in history too. Tradition is a condition of inspiration. We are, body and soul, traditions ourselves; and divine wisdom reaches us in scholarship, as well as by immediate breath. But to depend on any one particular document for our faith, is to cast it on the hazard of a die. Have we no certainty of access to God? It is the question of the reality of religion. The Pentateuch is a venerable book; but shall we let the Divine unity hang on its authority? No; that belief shall remain on deeper grounds, whether Moses wrote the beginning of the Bible or not! Is the immortality of the soul contingent on proving John the writer of the gospel that bears his name? Shall we rest on any prediction of major or minor prophet in the volume, more than on the Isaiah in our heart? Will not God keep his promise on its tables, though every printed Scripture go to the flames? No ancient paper can give us in anything our most secure hold. Discrepancies between one and another part of the canon, different versions and manuscripts, and the unresting pry of criticism make all external authorities change and slip in our grasp. Is it *radicalism* then, in the sense of destruction, to call the spirit-witness, for additional or prevailing and decisive testimony, into court? No! What conservatism beside is entitled to the name? True, if this witness be discredited, the case is lost. But, if it exist and speak at all, no perjury can it commit. "Let God be true and every man a liar!" It is the very point Paul makes, that this spiritual attestation is demonstration of our childhood with God and immortal heritage. This trust is disparaged, I know. It is said we take it for granted. I answer, indeed we do! It is an assumption as justifiable as it is sublime. There are assumptions surer than any proofs. We are always in the second degree of knowledge when we attempt to prove.

But some esteem it a hopeless undertaking to stir in men a conviction so profound. They think, the mind, contemplating essential verities, is crazed while it looks, as the eye is dazed with direct gazing at the sun; or that ambition of absolute discernment is trying to seize the lightning with an impious snatch. So, but in a provisional salvation, built on an outward probability or improbability, do they confide; despairing to take that fort of the world, which a late English poem assures us uplifts its battered, but unbreachable wall. But let us have a better aspiration in youth, and enthusiasm even in age! If not, give up the cause, die and make no sign! But to such wretched conclusion we are not shut up. The real blasphemy were to doubt God's warrant in our bosom; the true worship to hear his voice.

C. A. BARTOL.

## CHEER.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.]

"HEIGH-HO!" said the smith—  
"Is Wisdom bitter to her darlings? Nay—  
Somewhat's awry. Albeit no weanling I  
Of hers, nor from her Amazonian paps  
Ever drew substance. Better thus, mayhap—  
Your chin is smooth as any velvet peach,  
Nor time yet brushes from your cheek the dew;  
What, do you feed the worm of melancholy?  
Leave this to age that moans a youth misused,  
Hopes darkened, shattered schemes. But you, nay, lad,  
You hug the haven yet; your age knows not  
The sea's mid-tempest. Nay, you sulk too soon—  
By Thor, at your years I sang alway, blithe  
As larks at morning, blackbirds at the noon,  
Or gleeful swallows wheeling down the eve—  
Perchance there was a secret in it, lad,  
It may be that the thing whereon I wrought  
Preserved me, and the tool forever plied;  
For not with silken touches have I known  
The weapons of my labor. Dawn and dusk  
Have heard the anvil upon which I toiled  
Groan with the thunders of my fashioning,  
Nor ever seen the spark upon my forge  
Cease from its bickering."

And Vivian then—  
"Whoso would have the pearl must pay the price.  
Not less I half perceive this fruit we pluck  
Is ashes at the core, and knowledge too,  
The armorial sign of fools, a perilous wisp  
Tempting to Stygian fens. Sceptre or sledge,  
What differs, if we strike in time with law?  
From toiling hands a purer piety  
Ascends, than from the caldrons where are brewed  
The politics and systems of all time.  
O, doubly blest sir, you, on whom the plagues  
That strike at such as stuff themselves with books,  
Have never breathed in baleful pestilence!"

But Ethan turned upon him sharp and said,  
"I read my Bible and my Shakspeare, lad;  
Heigh-ho, these two are books enough for me.  
And if I chance to turn a later page,  
Some leaf that Will and Allen pore upon,  
It is too idle, and I cast it down.  
Heigh-ho, I think the time is fed on milk,  
All color but no pith, all whey no curd.  
I know not if I know this malady  
That cankers you, nor like the Master here,  
Feel I the bottom with my fathoms, lad.  
Untempered I, unhewn, nor babble oft  
Beyond the lessons of my craft. But yet  
I've had a glimpse or two, have heard the ring  
Of hammers that were never wrought by man.  
And seeing that my bones yearn to you, lad,  
Heigh-ho, I'll hang my rag of wisdom out.  
Seize then, the heft of labor, and forget  
Past, future, world, and man himself in that  
You shape with fiery consecration. So  
You make a supplication unto laws,  
The strong controlling nurses of the world,  
Old and impartial, whose hard breasts, undrained,  
Will yield you marrow and full power. My lad,  
Believe me, these plain prayers are never vain.  
God lives, the earth turns, sun and moon give light,  
Man comes and has his season, and returns;  
'Tis said, things were not rightly framed at first;  
And that the wilful sphere has snapped a beam.  
If this be so, by Thor, it strikes my mind,  
Not you or I will mend it; lad. O shame,  
To prate of evil alway, quake and moan  
Until the spectre curdles all our veins.  
Arise, 'tis but the mirage of the mind,  
That flees, you marching. And if man were man,  
By Thor, were man, not God nor archangel,  
This thing were not; but he is less than man.  
I let God do his work and I do mine,  
I let the world roar and I hold my own.  
All is not mine, but what is, that I keep;  
My life is mine to use it as I can.  
Work then, my lad, strike early and strike late,

And small or great so that your deed be pure,  
 'Twill purge like a strong wind the heart of gloom  
 And rout the host of profitless inquest  
 That blow their ram's horns round about your walls  
 To force them crumble. Heigh-ho, come with me,  
 And hear my Will and Allen sing a rhyme  
 I taught them when their hands first felt the sledge."

Beside the forge they found the Anakim  
 Dark-haired, broad-shouldered. And at Ethan's voice  
 They came to greet their slender visitants  
 With eyes of cloudless courtesy and words  
 That witnessed of an inner dignity,  
 Of hearts self-reverent. They lifted up  
 Deep voices and the alternate hammer rang.

Here is breaking a new brightness,  
 Rouse, and gird the soul with laughter,  
 Take the swiftness and the lightness,  
 And persistence that comes after.  
 Strike, strike,  
 Seeds of hope within you cherish,  
 Let the sin and sorrow perish.

Smile when the thickest wrongs oppress you,  
 When disasters hasten, sing.  
 Will you have God's love to bless you,  
 Find that love in everything.  
 Strike, strike.  
 Lift the thought and purge the passion,  
 Upward change for aye in fashion.

Nought is lacking, menials myriad  
 Watch your steps with fond devotion,  
 Stars of fate are rolled in period  
 Round you with melodious motion.  
 Strike, strike.  
 Fullest life the heavens bequeath you,  
 Plant the stable world beneath you.

Aye achieving, aye resigning,  
 Life be simple, life be holy.  
 Teaching, founding, not repining,  
 Take the perfect stature slowly.

Strike, strike.  
Nearest hest is clearest duty,  
Purest heart is surest beauty.

So much the noble smith and his bold sons  
Took hold on them, they tarried till the eve  
Perched in the elm above them, then set forth  
Reluctantly, with promise to explore  
Again the genial work. And as they moved,  
The eve descending from her sapphire heights  
Through labyrinthian purples disappeared,  
With many a fond delay and backward glance ;  
And from the heart of twilight slowly rose  
The diamond fabric of the night, complete  
In splendor round its everlasting dome.

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COLERIDGE in his "Table Talk," May 19th, 1834, says : "How grossly misunderstood the genuine character of Sunday, or the Lord's day, seems to be, even with the church. To confound it with the Jewish Sabbath, or to rest its observance upon the fourth commandment, is, in my opinion, heretical, and would so have been considered in the primitive church. Cessation from labor on the Lord's Day could not have been absolutely incumbent on Christians for two centuries after Christ, because the greater part of the Christians were slaves, or in official situations under Pagan masters or superiors, and had duties to perform for those who did not recognize the day. If the early Christians had refused to work on the Lord's day, rebellion and civil war must have been the immediate consequence. But there is no intimation of such cessation."

"Luther said of Sunday : 'Keep it holy for its use sake both to body and to soul. But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do everything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty.'"

"The celebration of Sunday, like that of every festival, was a human institution. Far was it from the Apostles to treat it as a divine command ; far from them, and from the first apostolic church to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday." — NEANDER.

## ECCE HOMO.

### I. ITS GENERAL CONCEPTION OF CHRIST AND HIS WORK.

THE reception this book has met with is mainly due to the truth of a principle, which, though unconsciously obeyed in it, is nowhere distinctly admitted, but on the contrary by implication denied throughout. This principle is the Indwelling of God in the World. As men begin to recognize it, the invidious distinction between sacred and profane, religious and secular, fades gradually away. Art, science, politics, and trade, which the church of the past stigmatized as belonging merely to the natural order, begin to be sensible of their divine origin and authority, and assert their right to recognition as members of the spiritual order. Members they claim to be, and members we admit them to be, not as standing side by side constituting independent domains, to either of which one may be limited utterly and yet realize the divine life ; but as the independent, inseparable conditional forms, in which together the One Spirit works to attain perfect humanity. Whether we are conscious of it or not, God abides in the procedure of history. Its phenomena are manifestations of Him. And if these phenomena fall into distinguishable realms of religion, science, art, and public institutions, still all these realms have a federal unity in the Human Spirit which is sovereign over them all, and which finds its true being only in the extended field of action which their union affords. It is this sense of the present divinity in the tendencies of history, which leads us tacitly to accept the modifications of old rituals, old creeds, and old politics, rendered necessary by the progress of science, or by the new combinations arising out of intercourse and trade. Even the old terminology falls away, and in the assurance of faith we translate Providence by the Logic of Events.

The World is the Church—this is the undertone of the time. There can be no doubt that the old solemnities are steadily becoming secularized. The life of the times is predominantly secular. But it is not for that any the less religious. The secular spirit invades the sacred recesses, and settles there, not in the temper of sacrilege, but because it feels assured of its own sacredness. It occupies, not to destroy, but to rehabilitate. It may conquer, but it endows the invaded province with its own franchises, its riper manners, its regulated civil code.

Into a period in which this secular tendency has unprecedented



strength, and in which the secret cause of the tendency begins to be widely suspected, a book comes purporting to be a "Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ." Of course *Ecce Homo* commands a large circle of readers, and, indeed, creates a ferment. It is written under the influence of the secular spirit, and addresses a public who are under the same influence. Hence its popularity comes mainly from the fact that it *secularizes* Christ and his work. It throws upon him the complex lights of the day, in which there are rays of politics, jurisprudence, and philosophy, as well as of religion. It brings him into close and discernible relation to the lives of modern men, in just those aspects in which the majority of intelligent people now consider life to be of the greatest interest. Accordingly, whatever opinion it elicits, it is universally felt to be interesting. All are anxious to see how the Christ of time-honored worship can be reconciled with the business-like, skeptical mind that governs the times—if indeed he can be. To those in whom the old distinction between the divine and the human, the religious and the secular, still operates powerfully, the book has given a shock: they have laid it aside with the feeling that it treads on dangerous ground, or is even profane. Those who are "dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ" only in so far as concerns the setting of those conceptions in the framework of modern notions,—that is, only in so far as the author is dissatisfied with them—accept it as perhaps the most remarkable contribution yet made toward re-invigorating the old Theology. Those, again, who are dissatisfied not merely with the form, but with the substance of the current conceptions; who, believing at any rate in the natural, and seeing the gulf betwixt that and the supernatural, settle their perplexity by denying the supernatural altogether, regard the book as having no real significance, as being only "a plausible attempt to palm off old superstitions under new labels." But those who believe in the world and the world's historic developments as having divine authority; who doubt not that the supernatural in its highest truth is perfectly at one with the natural in its latest expression; who believe that the supernatural has no intelligible meaning except as it is interpreted through its natural manifestations; who therefore look for a treatment of Christ and his Work which shall make apparent the identity of God in him, with God in the world—such, whatever admiration they may feel for the book, must close it with final disappointment, for it contains no such conception of its subject.

The secret sense, then, of the indwelling of God in the world, imparting a moral authority to the secularizing tendency of human life, explains the popularity of all the recent books on Christ, and espe-

cially of *Ecce Homo*. But at the same time it supplies a fatal test of the book's success. For if, in the full persuasion of the truth of this principle, and with a corresponding conception of Christ's person and office, we raise the question whether the author has fulfilled the engagement made with his readers, we shall be compelled to answer that he has not. He proposes to replace the current conceptions of Christ by an adequate one. He intends his book as an answer to the question: What was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by his name? By this question, then, the book must be judged; and thus judged, it must be pronounced a failure. The author has enlarged the scope of the current conception of Christ; he has relieved it of puerilities; he has imparted to it bulk and weight, by infusing into it the spirit of modern morality. But he has left it the current conception after all. Christ is still a moral being only, and he is a miraculous being; the religious life and the secular are still in natural antagonism; while faith and the intellect are still substantially unreconciled.

Now, if there is a conception of Christ which will reconcile the old philosophy — the ancient symbols of the so-called church — with the modern secular spirit, and even with the skeptical criticism in its largest liberty, we have a right to demand that this conception shall come forward in any work that seriously professes to treat of Christ. Such a conception we believe to exist. Paradoxical though it may seem, we believe that this conception makes it possible to accept at the same time the proper divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, and the most rigorous criticism of Strauss.

This conception is inseparably connected with the doctrine of the indwelling of God in the world. It arises by conceiving of creation as that doctrine implies — not as a dualism, Nature *here*, and God *there*; but as an organic unity, proceeding by the law of perpetual development. By conceiving God as the Triune Infinite Spirit which the old philosophies and the ancient creeds represent Him to be. By conceiving all finite existences as the projections of His thought, — the definite determinations of His being, in His becoming the object of His own consciousness. By conceiving humanity as the highest of these determinations, the stage of the complete return of the divine thought into itself — into complete self-identity. By conceiving history as the procedure of the divine Second Person, through the community and succession of individual experiences, to the perfect actualization of Himself in the united human race. Finally, by recognizing that Jesus of Nazareth falls into just that crisis of this history, and leaves the record of that performance, which shows him

to be, in a sense singular and not to be repeated, the representative of mankind ; to have God dwelling in him, not simply as he dwells in every *individual* of the race, but as He dwells in the *race as a whole*, so that he is, in a sense not true of any other individual, at once God and man.

This conception of Christ and his office, while it destroys that dualism in the universe which is the parent of the miraculous, and with it of course the miraculous itself, does not thereby destroy the divine. To the current conception, creation is *ex nihilo* : it is divided from God, who works *upon* it, not *within* it. To the conception here presented, creation is simply the Form of God's Eternal Reason. He abides in it, moulds it, determines it wholly ; is incessantly dissolving it into Himself ; but it is as inseparable from Him as speech from an individual mind. While, therefore, we reject the miraculous as the accidental product of one stage of individual experience ; and abandon the notion that any individual can have infallible authority, since all individual minds are under the law of progression ; we hold fast to the divinity of Christ, because we believe in the divinity of man.

There is yet another aspect of the conception — that which concerns Christ's office rather than his person. In the purview of this conception, that office bears upon the human intellect as well as upon the human feeling and will. Hence, it includes, consecrates, and authorizes all the abiding results of historic development alike. Not merely the religious spirit is the province of Christ and his Church, but the *expression* of the religious spirit — philosophy, art, manners, polity, public economy ; in a word, total civilization. Thus, not only all the charities, but also all the glories of humanity are justified by Christ. The absolute identity of the true Church and the true State is clearly recognized. The Church is not *in*, but *is*, the World.

Our space forbids the arguing of this conception. We only aim to state it with clearness and fulness, and to set it in contrast to the conception presented in *Ecce Homo*. Whoever shall treat the life and work of Jesus, must at least conceive them adequately to his real greatness. We complain of *Ecce Homo*, because its Christ is less than the Christ of history. Again, whoever treats of Jesus, in effect undertakes to comprehend the nature of the Kingdom of God, and to fathom the significance of the Christian Church. *Ecce Homo* recognizes this ; but we sit in judgment over it, and decide against it, because its Kingdom of God is of the letter rather than of the spirit — is in the world but does not pervade it — and because it fails to state the Christian Church either in its Unity or its Universality.

Such is the conclusion at which we are sure the candid reader must finally arrive. Yet not without reluctance, not without a sense of disappointment. For *Ecce Homo* is perpetually exciting great expectations. If it is a book of fatal oversights, it is also one of penetrating insights. It has so much of the true secular spirit, that one is every few pages tempted to believe that it will ere long come out upon the rounded prospect of a world-religion, and assert that the Church is not *a* commonwealth, but *the* commonwealth. When one comes upon such expressions as — “The divine inspiration . . . . which made a man a prophet, *or makes in these days a poet or inspired artist* ;” — “Miracles have not by themselves . . . . persuasive power. *That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand, is no reason why I should receive his words as divine oracles of truth* ;” — “Christ placed the happiness of man in a *political constitution* ;” — “The Christian Church is a *commonwealth* ;” — “Its [science’s] expounders are expounders of a wisdom which Moses desired in vain. . . . *To them we may with accurate truth apply Christ’s words and say that the least among them is greater than Moses*,” — when, we repeat, one comes upon such expressions as these, it surely seems that the writer judges by the spirit, and not by the letter, that he must light upon the truth of the Indwelling God, and state Christ as indeed the King of the Kingdom of Heaven. But this expectation is excited only to be disappointed. This will appear from considering, first, the true nature of the Kingdom of God and of the Church ; and next, how these are treated by the author.

By the Kingdom of God we are to understand the sovereignty of the Triune Spirit over its own self-determinations. Or, since these are what we mean by finite existences, — the transformation of Nature into Spirit, the incessant re-organization of one form of the divine thought by others of higher and higher orders, until, having passed through those lower orders of finitude which we choose to call matter, the creation attains such fluency to spirit that it unfolds into true spiritual being, namely, the self-conscious being of man. Hence, by the Kingdom of God among men, is intended the procedure of the same law of development in this highest order of creation. It is the conversion of all the natural human elements more and more into expressions of the spirit in its threefold of knowing, feeling and will — its threefold content of Truth, Beauty, and Good. Its rise is therefore coeval with the beginning of humanity ; its extent coincides with the extent of mankind ; its duration is identical with the duration of the race ; and its operation is as incessant as the processes of human life.

Now the Kingdom of God, according to *Ecce Homo*, so far from being this purely spiritual thing, is the sway of God simply over the conscience. It consists *de facto* in his acknowledgment as a law-giver by a definite body of men, distinctly separable from mankind at large throughout their entire history. Moreover, this kingdom has its foundation laid in a purely artificial relation between God and one nation, the Jews; not in the natural union subsisting between him and all nations. Further, it is absolutely originated, and despotically ruled by Jesus of Nazareth. In our author's own words, Christ "conceived the theocracy restored as it had been in the time of David, with a visible monarch at its head, and that monarch himself." "Christ in describing himself as King of the Kingdom of God, claimed the character first of Founder, next of Legislator, thirdly, in a certain high and peculiar sense, of Judge, of a new divine society."

Nor is the treatment of the Church of any essentially higher order. The Church is but another name for the Kingdom of God among men. It is the world conforming itself to God, the spirit of humanity realizing its oneness in all men, and obeying as it realizes. The tests of its character are found in its unity and its catholicity. He who fails to comprehend these, or either of them, fails to comprehend the Church. And the author of *Ecce Homo* has made this failure.

The Catholicity of the Church consists in this: that it is not a corporation, nor an association, but the collective whole of civilizing humanity. "Where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church." The Church therefore is co-extensive with mankind, because God dwells in every man, and because the Church is developed only by the contact and interaction of individual with individual, community with community, generation with generation, and age with age.

No such Church Universal appears in *Ecce Homo*. At times, indeed, one is almost persuaded that it does. We read that Christ "undertook to be the Father of an everlasting state, and the Legislator of a world-wide society;" that "this society is not exclusive, but catholic or universal;" that the laws of the society "arise from a certain instinct in human nature, . . . which is so far the same in all men that all the systems of law which have ever appeared among men are, in certain grand features, alike;" that he who has the presence of the Divine Spirit in his soul "is a member of the Christian Commonwealth, *whatever he may lack*." And again: "Who can describe that which unites men? who can describe exhaustively the *origin of civil society*? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church." But these searching sentences raise illusory hopes. To *Ecce Homo*, the Church, if not a close corporation, is still a corpora-

tion, admission to which is conditioned upon rites as well as character. So far from being co-extensive with mankind, it is everywhere visibly distinct from the world, and rejects from its bosom those who do not conform to its letter and its rites. The true Church is visible only as the world produces improving institutions; but the Church of *Ecce Homo* must draw the world into its visible limits before such institutions can be produced. By Christ the Spirit, indeed, — that Divine Logos who is the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, who inspires the whole historic movement, — the true Church is created and led, while Christ the Letter — Jesus of Nazareth — enters it at the paramount crisis, not to create it, but to form the point of individual attraction about which mankind may gather in a consciousness at once broader and deeper of their essential unity; but the Church of *Ecce Homo*, Jesus of Nazareth creates: he founds it on a passion for his person, not on devotion to the idea of the Divine Life; and he legislates for it, out of an enthusiasm caught from him as the individual, not as Spirit. At the bar of absolute science, the Christian Church, to establish its divinity must be able to show that she was before Christ, that she is, in the highest sense, independent of the Man of Nazareth; but it is a prevalent opinion, which *Ecce Homo* shares, that the validity of Christianity rests upon the fact that Jesus originated it. The two latter points will be obvious to all who have read the book, for they form the burden of its whole Second Part. For the rest, we need only recall such passages as follow:

"It (the Church) is absolutely open to all human beings *who choose to become members of it*. . . . It is Catholic or Universal; that is, *all mankind have a right to admission to it*" . . . . "Baptism is the *essential condition of membership*" . . . . "Those who refuse baptism "may" be abandoned after their perverseness has shown itself to be incorrigible . . . . and left to the judgment of God" . . . . "It is demanded of every member of the Christian Commonwealth that he is introduced into it with a prescribed form . . . . and that he testify his membership by a common meal taken also according to a prescribed form" . . . . "Doubtless a commonwealth fully answering this description has never existed on the earth, *nor can exist*" . . . . By admitting all Christians without distinction on equal terms, it (the Lord's Supper) expresses the universal character of the society" . . . . "Christ ordained two *sacraments*, the one expressing the *distinctness of the Church from the world*, and the other the unity of the Church *within itself*" . . . . The kingdom he was founding, was to be everywhere *imperium in imperio*; its members



were to be at the same time members of secular states and national bodies. . . . Without them (the sacraments) Christians would forget that they were Christians" . . . . "Christ's society resembles other political bodies" . . . . "The Church was established *in the midst* of a heathen society, which it was in no way to countenance, and yet in no way to resist. Of this society the Church was in one sense a mortal enemy; that is, she did not acknowledge its right to exist, and she looked forward to the time when it should be reconstructed on the basis of an acknowledgment of Christ and of the law of Humanity" . . . .

Nor is the book more satisfactory upon the Unity of the Church. The Unity of the Church is the Unity of the Spirit, and her two aspects, the Aspect of History, and the Aspect of Culture. Under the former, the Church is one by virtue of the presence and evolution of that spirit which constitutes the man in all men, and which, indeed, is God manifest in the flesh. At the dawn of history, that is, at the origin of the Church, this unity is yet unrealized. Men do not recognize that they are one, for the identity of the human spirit is concealed beneath individual differences. The voice of these differences, in the emergence of man from nature, is wholly for self-protection, and each individual sees in every other nothing but an enemy. But the Divine Presence, which, following its creating order, has arisen to the state of man, makes itself many, only that it may become more consciously one. First through the family, then through the tribe, then through the nation, and at length through the ethnic federation, the conflict of nations and races, and their reconciliation in the empire, the rugged hostilities of individualism are abraded; each man modifies his neighbor, and in modifying, discovers that the neighbor is but his other self. Out of a community of interest there thus arises a community of consciousness. What accounts for this? Simply the truth that God abides in men and operates by his Second Person, his Rational Intelligence, whose essence is that He forever transcends Himself; or, as the old creeds express it, is begotten in eternal generation. He it is, who, ever omniscient of Himself, by this self-recognition, draws into harmonious communities the diverse individualities whose whole being seemed anarchic. And when the critical epoch arrives, such that the training of this ethnic benevolence has rendered men capable of recognizing their identity in the entire human kind, it befalls that Jesus of Nazareth shall appear upon the scene. That the Divine Logos, in the totality of its depth, here descended into an individual consciousness, elevating him into unparalleled mediatorship between God as One, and Man as Many,



appears in this : that Jesus attained and displayed a comprehension of the universal brotherhood of men absolutely commensurate with its significance, when taken in the entire experience of the race from its origin onward. Of the conception of that unity, he has absolutely exhausted the possibilities. Undoubtedly other men will, in future ages, rise to a like comprehension. It is the destiny of the Church to become absolutely one, as he and God were one ; it is the destiny of the Race to become in all its members like Christ, and, in the *extent* of their comprehension of the unity, even greater than he. He himself declared so. But if there is to be a race of Christs, no one of them will have a mediatorial work to perform. They will have caught the inspiration of the One Humanity from him. In its *depth*, he, and he only, saw it by original insight : it was indeed the Divine in him, recognizing itself in its fulness. Therefore do the after ages but duly venerate him as the Only Begotten, for he was thus "very God of Very God."

Since his appearance, the Unity of the Church, as the Unity of Mankind has been the inspiration of the civilized world. True, it has not yet realized the ideal state ; but it is present to the consciousness of men, and is really the root-principle of all their public movements. In a word, the Church is yet militant ; on the day when the Universal State is first organized, in which there shall be "neither male nor female, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free," she will be triumphant.

Yet then, only by realizing her unity in its second phase. Under the aspect of Culture, the unity of the Church consists in realizing one Divine Life. What, then, is the idea of the Divine Life ? The answer is, that as it is the manifestation of God in men, it must be the manifestation of His triune Personality. It is the unity, then, of will, feeling, and knowing, which are the descending into finite man of the infinite threefoldness in the Divine Consciousness. The Divine Life thus consists in the culture of a Person, who is at once a will, a passion and an intelligence. To be one, then, in the aspect of Culture, the Church must grasp within the compass of her aims, intellectual training and exercise, the inspiration of the sentiments, the regulation of conduct. And inasmuch as every finite consciousness is the unity of Faith, (which is the undertow of the Divine Infinite in our finite,) and the threefold operant soul described above ; and since all culture must have its origin and propulsive force in the conscious union of these two elements, to which union we give the name *religion* ;—the unity of the Church will be vital only as she grounds herself upon this phase in the being of her

members. The human spirit, then, giving its religious consciousness free scope in science, art, philosophy ; in the human enthusiasms ; and in public institutions which record and organize all these, — this is the Unity of the Church in its highest expression. The collective unity of all these abiding phenomena of history must be held within the life of the Church. For the Church aims at perfected Humanity, and all these are inseparable from the life of civilized men.

Now, in neither of these aspects does *Ecce Homo* adequately conceive that the Church is one. With it, the Church is not in history until Jesus is there. And after his appearance, it is united by a spirit which works only within the limits of the pseudo-catholicity pointed out above. It has a Communion of Saints, not of all the great spirits of the world, but only of the legitimate successors of the Nazarene ; a communion, not of mankind, but of the Apostolic Succession. This appears in the author's whole treatment of the Lord's Supper, and in such expressions as the one already quoted : — "Without the sacraments, Christians would forget that they are Christians." And if the writer, with a power and skill beyond all praise, has lodged in the Church as its unifying passion, the Enthusiasm of Humanity, we must still remember how entirely dependent upon the mere individual magnetism of Jesus he makes this enthusiasm ; how he has written, "Men cannot learn to love each other, says Christ, but by eating his flesh, and drinking his blood. He did not regard it as possible to unite men to each other, but by first uniting them to himself ;" how he avers, that, in the Christian Commonwealth, "the first propelling power, the indispensable condition of progress, is the personal relation of loyal vassalage of the citizen to the Prince of the Theocracy."

The Unity of the Church in the aspect of Culture, meets with no better recognition. Yet here again the book is not without its illusory overtures. More than once, we seem to be on the eve of hearing that the Church sweeps within its scope the entire problem of human culture, and that Christ is the prophet of an all-embracing civilization. Thus, we are told that "it is the object of the Christian society gradually to elevate each member of it, to cure him of vice, to soften his rudeness, to deliver him from the dominion of superstitious fears or intellectual conceits. "We hear too, that modern science is "a mighty revelation" of like divine authority with the moral revelation ; and it is implied that Socrates had a divine calling to found philosophy upon principles of science. But when we reach the critical questions, there is at once, a descent to lower paths having nar-

row horizons, in which the Church appears as exercising only a limited and partial function in the plan of human development. Thus, the author cultivates the long-supposed antagonism between Christianity and the philosophies; and heightens it into a disagreement between Christ and philosophy. "The difference (between Christianity and Moral Philosophy) is really *radial*, while the *resemblance* is *accidental*." . . . "As the resemblance between the earliest Christian Church and a philosophical school is delusion, so is the resemblance between Christ himself and any Greek philosopher. Christ *had a totally different object from Socrates*." So, too, we read that the object of the Christian society, instead of being to effect a perfect organic culture, is "in the language of our own day, *the improvement of morality*." In like manner, Christianity merely *coincides* with civilization." Christians do not spontaneously flow into education; it is only true that "the whole question of education is pre-eminently a question in which Christians are bound by their Humanity to interest themselves;" and this, simply because by so doing they may clear away some of the obstacles to the moral cure of the vicious. After this, we ought not to wonder that with severe logical consistency the author writes, "It is a common mistake of Christians to represent their faith as alone valuable, and as by itself, containing all that man can want or can desire. *But it is only one of many revelations, and is very insufficient by itself for man's happiness.*"

Doubtless, at this juncture, an objection to the view we have presented of the unity and universality of the Church, will naturally arise in the minds of many, particularly of those who are attached to the current conceptions of Christ and Christianity. Why not, it may be said, suppose the Church to be distinct from the world? Why not suppose its mission special, partial? By what authority do you preach this Christianity of universal culture, when the New Testament so obviously aims at the moral regeneration of men, and when the life of the Founder and Pattern of the whole Christian society was unadorned with the heathen graces of art or philosophy, and unenriched with the practical wisdom of modern science?

To this we reply first by the question, Whence then this deep and unquenchable instinct in all the Christian centuries, which asserts that Christ is all and in all; that the Church is the ark holding all that is divine in the world; that she is the sole temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the sole channel of the salvation of mankind? This instinct is too profound to be of any temporal origin. We accept it as a voice from eternity, the veritable inspiration of God. But we must accept with it, say rather we must agonize to

attain, a conception of the Church, commensurate with this inspiration. Is the human conscience, then, or the human will, all that is worthy of salvation? Is not this very conscience, this very will to be sanctified *by the truth*, and is the truth a revelation of either? Will the truth acting on a mere will or conscience, disunited from a passion, create that enthusiasm for humanity which we all admit to be the propelling force of the Church? Has not history its imperishable monuments which are the glory of the human spirit, standing apart from the immediate work of all the Christian churches? Are not these *good*? — and if good, shall we admit that there is good in the world which is not of God? Whose then is it? Are heroism, and patriotism, and martyrdom, heathen though they be; are the poetic spirit that sings them, and the graphic arts which have perpetuated them, are the systems in which are recorded man's attempts to unite the world and God in his thought; are the victories of science which begin to make such a union at length possible; are jurisprudence and public economy, and the State armed in the defence of justice; — are all these without God in the world? — unworthy to hold a place in the being of redeemed humanity? Assuredly, rather are they inseparable from man's salvation; or further, his salvation consists in the evolution of his religious instinct into their united whole. It is the God in man which is the true object of the Enthusiasm of Humanity, and he who for one immortal moment has experienced the exalting thought of the world, one in the free realization of its Faith and Action, — its will with passion reproducing its intelligence, would, if invited within the Church on condition of leaving that thought without, say unhesitatingly, Farewell thou Church, and let me have my portion with the world!

Thus it is only by making the Church coextensive with the world, that she can vindicate her all-sufficiency. And it is because when we pronounce the name Christ, we mean the Mediator of the Church of the World, that we insist that he who would treat of Christ shall conceive of him as is due to that ineffable office. And now that we touch again the subject of the Mediatorial Person, we reach a station from which we can at the same time reply to the remainder of the objection quoted, and explain the failure of *Ecce Homo* to give us the Christ of Mankind.

To many, who might otherwise come into sympathy with this larger view of the function of Christianity, it is a great stumbling-block that Jesus, the Founder and Pattern, lived a life which was transcendently great only on the moral side, and appeared to concern himself principally with the moral regeneration of his fellow-

men ; that he neglected those things which contribute most toward what we try to embody in the word *culture*. Well, suppose we admit that *Jesus* did disregard them ; still we must say that *Christ* did not — or, rather, that he *does* not. And in the same instant we must repeat that Jesus of Nazareth did not found the Church, and is not its Pattern, but only its individual inspiration. Who then was its Founder ? Who is its Pattern and Legislator ? Again, repeating, we answer — Christ the Spirit, the Divine Rational Intelligence, — the Second Person in that trinity of infinite Will, Reason and Self-content, whose co-existence constitutes the Living God. For as we distinguish between Man the Spirit, and each man the Flesh, and recognize that all true culture consists in transforming the second of these into the first ; so we must constantly discriminate between Christ the Spirit, and Christ the Letter, conceiving of Christ the Mediator as the union of these two, — as the Representative Person, in whom they vanish. And as the old creeds teach that the essence of this Person lies in his Divine Spirit, we shall fail to interpret them aright unless we look to the Spirit as the Pattern and Legislator of the Church. In the Mediatorial Person, indeed, the *germ* of the law for the Church — the “law-making inspiration” — is present ; but the *limit* of that law must be in that Spirit who is his essence, and who, in the *extent* of His Divine oneness, reveals Himself to men only in the progress of ages. His law is to read and interpret in the light of the ever increasing wisdom of men. *His* object, and *His* work does include all that we mean by culture. And if in His total *depth*, He enters into, and creates the individual Jesus, calling him to inspire men, by an absolute sacrifice of his life, with an absolute enthusiasm for the Spirit which is one in them all, we should *expect* that this Christ the Letter will be swallowed up in the mediatorial purpose. “My zeal for Thy House consumeth me.” We should *expect* that his mortal life will be exhausted in most securely furthering the one absorbing object of his office. He will labor to establish immutably that element in the Divine Life which is of the first importance in the order of time. If the realization of his paramount object demands as its first indispensable condition the religious inspiration and the moral regeneration of men, — and since the religious enthusiasm is the fountain of all culture, this is the indispensable condition — we should expect to find this Son of Man bending his immediate energies, and even directing for the time being the authority of his sublime office and profound doctrine, upon that specific point in human nature from which the propulsive force is to come. Thus the function of all that was merely of space and

time in Jesus, *was* special and relative. The mere personal identity in the mediatorial Christ was absorbed in a sphere subordinate to the great unity which he mediates. Yet this in no wise forestalls his having the larger object, for which the immediate one was the preparation and prophecy. But indeed, in the profound sense, Jesus did not neglect the elements of culture. It is the fact that he attained *in intellect* the idea of Humanity — it is *this* fact which elevates his passion in the enthusiasm of enthusiasms, and exalts him into mediatorship. At the last, it is his *intellectual depths* — his absolute comprehension of the idea of Man — which completes that Oneness which redeems him from being a mere intellect, a mere passion, a mere will, and which therefore constitutes the sole, though transcendent evidence of his Godhead.

Now, this distinction between Christ the Spirit, and Christ the Letter, is in *Ecce Homo* everywhere overlooked. The peculiar work of the temporal Jesus is perpetually confounded with the mediatorial office, and made the measure of the Church and its life. This limitation of the scope of Christianity vitiates the treatment not only of Christ's work in general, but also of its details. The Temptation, the Lord's Supper, the method of Christ's teaching, the subsidiary parts of his so-called legislation — all are marred by literalism, and fall short of their humane import. Into these details, however, we cannot now follow the author, but must reserve their consideration for a second article.

GEORGE HOWISON.

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#### DARE AND KNOW.

THE truths we cannot win are fruit forbidden,  
 That knowledge only is, by proof not ours  
 Which lies beyond the measure of our powers :  
 Not by God's grudging are our natures chidden,  
 His hidden things for daring search are hidden :  
 The cloudy darkness that around him lowers  
 Burns only with his glory, and the dowers  
 Of Hero-hearts who have gone up and ridden  
 The storm like eagles ! If the lightning singe  
 The intrepid wing, 'tis but the burning kiss  
 Of Victory in Esposal, — the keen bliss  
 Whose rapturous thrill might make the coward cringe !  
 He who aloft on Rood-nails hung our crown  
 Smiles when with bleeding hands we climb and pluck it down !

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



## FORM APART FROM SUBSTANCE.

"WE TAKE SOME THINGS FOR GRANTED."

**I**T was a moment of intense interest when these words were spoken.

There was a gathering of about fifty persons, of whom perhaps two-thirds were ministers. They had come together by appointment, to consider a question of deep religious interest, the projectors of which had assembled their friends for counsel. The subject was understood to be of such importance, that some had come from a considerable distance to attend it. Serious earnestness was a marked characteristic of the meeting. Those who had come in advance of the time talked with each other in little groups, rejoicing that the way seemed open for a movement calculated to remove obstructions, leave sectarian partitions out of sight, promote unity among brethren, and doubly forward God's purposes, by offering a view of truth and duty which should combine new simplicity and directness for the preacher with new attractiveness for the hearer. When it was announced that the hour had arrived, the meeting was hushed in attentive expectation. That the business might be done in order, a chairman and secretary were chosen; and then the callers of the meeting made their statement, and asked the counsel of their friends, desiring that entire frankness and freedom might be used in commenting both upon the form and the substance of their plan.

The discussion proceeded, discovering a delightful unity of spirit, with such diversity of opinion as to matters of detail as is sure to arise in an assembly of thinking men. Several persons had spoken, receiving the earnest and undivided attention of the rest, and the meeting seemed in train of satisfactory progress, when a clergyman rose, and expressed his surprise and regret that such a meeting should have commenced its deliberations without invoking the Divine blessing; without any formal supplication for the presence of God, and his aid in rightly directing our thoughts and actions.

It was then that the most aged and venerable minister present arose, while a thrill of expectation pervaded the room, and expressed itself on every countenance. Would he accept the suggestion, fall into the routine of clerical custom, and utter some of those stereotyped expressions of reverence which are expected from a clergyman at the opening of any meeting at which he may be present? The deliberateness of his movement gave time for this query to arise in



the minds of many. What he said was — in the calm and moderate manner natural to him — “*We take some things for granted.*” And he then proceeded to express his opinion on the subject of discussion, and the meeting pursued this business until it was satisfactorily finished.

Assuredly, we *ought* to take some things for granted. But is it not one of the things coming under this category, that matters obviously good may be safely recognized and accepted as good, without factitious sanctification? When we are about to give bread to the hungry, or clothing to the naked, or instruction to the ignorant, or counsel to a hesitating person whose case we understand, is it needful or desirable that we pause first to make, in form, an “invocation of the Divine blessing?” When the time has come to do something that we know to be right and needful, and that we fully understand how to do, does it help the matter to pause, and take off our hat, and lift up our eyes, and ask in form that God will bless and prosper it? Is it not a matter of course that He will bless and prosper what is right?

The hasty reader, who jumps to the conclusion that I have here said or implied something against prayer, had better read over the last paragraph again, and see that he has made a false inference. There is a *time* for prayer, as well as a time for singing and dancing. The time for a man to pray is when he *wants something* of God, his Father. Whether the want be of light, or strength, or courage, or faith, or consolation, or whether the desire be to pour out confessions, thanksgivings, exultations or aspirations that demand expression, when this need felt, then is the time to utter it. Cry aloud, and spare not. Speak freely; utter the full tide of your love, your penitence, your need, your joy, your desire, your gratitude, to the ever-present hearer of prayer. You pray because you *want*; and that is the justification of prayer, and the proper occasion for it. But when that want is supplied, when you have felt the incoming of that light, or strength, or comfort, or faith, for which you asked, do you keep on asking for the same thing, in the same words? Not at all. If you are a person of good sense, you proceed to *use* the thing received, and to show by your good use of it that you were in earnest in asking. But if, in any given case, you feel that God has already given you the powers necessary for the purpose in hand, is it needful then to stop and ask for those very powers? Ask for what you already have? In my judgment, this would be one specimen of what the Scripture calls “asking amiss.”

Unfortunately, clergymen are in the constant habit of committing

this sin, and of recommending it to others. Their idea seems to be, that since men are fallible, they should not only keep this imperfection in mind, so as to ask when they "lack wisdom," as James advised, but go through the form of asking on all occasions, even when they feel entire competency for the matter in hand. If they mean it as an exercise of reverence and humility, they misunderstand reverence and humility.

There are many objections to this course besides its needlessness.

It is formality, a use of form without substance, a practical exaltation of form over substance.

It tends to hypocrisy, an habitual utterance with the mouth, contrary to the convictions of the heart.

It makes the vain and foolish attempt to sanctify what is known to be already good; to improve substantial excellence by the addition of ceremonial observance. It is that very "wasteful and ridiculous excess," which Shakspeare has instanced as "gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding perfume to the violet." It not only applies itself to the doing of a useless thing, wasting time that might be better employed, but it tends to persuade the unthinking mass of men that ceremonial observance is a good thing in itself, apart from any connection with substance or use.

It presents to men, and tends to establish in their minds, a false view of God, and of their relation to Him, and of His relation to them. If, like loving children, they are in intimate and friendly relations with their Father, they need not make a point of constantly parading before Him the expression of what they know He already knows; their recognition of their own fallibility and His infallibility. There will be abundant occasions on which they will *feel* the need of help. Then they will ask it. When they feel that they have already received help sufficient for the present occasion, they will go forward and do the work, without making useless talk about it. If, on the other hand, they are not on intimate and friendly relations with their Heavenly Father, they may be assured that perfect sincerity with Him, the saying to Him only of what they truly and heartily feel at the moment, is the very first requisite, and the indispensable requisite, for their attainment of that blessing.

C. K. WHIPPLE.

## NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.

IN recent discussions, not yet ended, in which the words *natural* and *supernatural* often occur, some preliminary definitions might have been of use, and still may be.

There are two meanings of the word *nature*, in common use. The first is,—and this is what we generally mean by it—the outward material world. In this sense, we distinguish God, Man, Nature: speak of the beauties of nature, of the laws of nature. In this sense *natural* becomes synonymous with *material* or *physical*, as when we speak of the natural sciences. In this sense, by Natural Religion is meant such knowledge of God as is obtained, or supposed to be obtained from the study of the physical world.

The second meaning of *nature* is *the original constitution* of things, or of any thing or being. In this sense we speak of human nature, of the Divine Nature. *Natural* now, becomes synonymous with *native* or *normal*; that which grows out of the original constitution, or is in accordance with the essential law, of any thing or being. It is in this sense, that we say that Religion is natural to man, meaning that its germs lie in his original constitution, whose orderly development will certainly bring him, and have brought him, to religious ideas. In this sense it is that we say that Christianity is a Natural Religion, meaning that it grew out of the native relations of the human spirit with God; that it was normal growth, and not a special interpolation or miraculous interposition.

Corresponding to these two meanings of *nature* and *natural*, we have two meanings of *supernatural*. In the first case, *supernatural* is synonymous with *supersensuous*, or *supermaterial*, as when Coleridge says: "The spiritual is *eo nomine* supernatural." In this sense we say all Religion is supernatural; meaning that it cannot be discovered by the senses, or the practical understanding of man, but is revealed only in his spiritual nature; that it springs from his relation to a higher than to the outward world. In the second case *supernatural* is synonymous with *miraculous*. In this sense it is customary to speak of Christianity as a supernatural revelation; meaning that it is something out of the uniform line of law, something beyond the reach of the native human powers, something introduced into humanity in an unparalleled way, "a special interpolation into the current of human history." In this sense the disbelievers in the miracles of the New Testament are said to "deny the supernatural in the Gospels," and are called anti-supernaturalists.

Now, I suppose the ambiguity of meaning in these words has sometimes led to misunderstanding between "old school" and "new school," "Conservative" and "Radical." And it would help matters if the sense in which they are used in any particular case were always made clear. I do not mean that the difference between the parties is only a difference of words, for it is not ; it is a difference of ideas.

There happens, however, a curious twist. Those who use *natural* in the first sense, use *supernatural* in the second. When they speak of Natural Religion, they mean the religious ideas derived from *outward* nature : but when they declare Christianity to be supernatural they do not mean *inward* or *supermaterial*, but *miraculous*. On the other hand, those who use *natural* in the second sense, use *supernatural* in the first. We say that all Religion is natural ; that is, that it is the growth of man's original, native powers and relations. But we say that we believe all religion (including Christianity) to be supernatural, because it is beyond the reach of the senses and the understanding working in Nature, and is revealed from above into man's spirit. And we declare that we believe more in the supernatural than those who call us anti-supernaturalists, because we believe spiritual revelation to be perpetual and universal, and not confined to a few men in one age and corner of the world.

Perhaps, however, we should do our part towards clearness if we should, however reluctantly, give over the use of the word supernatural to the Miraculists. For we are now most earnestly engaged in urging the naturalness of religion : its ground in human nature, and in the original relations of the human with the Divine nature. Our work is to proclaim the sacredness and trustworthiness of man's native moral and devotional faculties, and their sufficiency in connection with the normal aid of the Infinite Spirit to account for the Bible and all holy Scriptures, for Jesus and all saints, prophets, and sons of God.

For man, the head and sum of this creation, possesses not only the material organization, the chemical and vital properties of the lower orders of creation, in more subtle and fine degree ; and the animal senses and the animal soul of the brute races, including that faculty of understanding, reasoning, memory, and instinctive affection which these races manifest in the conduct of a life immersed in the world of outward Nature. But he has another order of faculties, an added sphere of perceptions and powers, — the spiritual ; connecting him with the world of spirit. This is the sphere of universal ideas, of absolute truths, of eternal principles, of sacred sentiments.

Here, in man's spiritual nature, is the faculty of Reason, which

not by the processes of sensible observation or the logical inference of the practical understanding, but by inward, direct perception, has cognizance of these ideas, truths and principles, has the conception of Unity, Law, Cause ; of Infinite and Perfect.

Here, in man's spiritual nature, the Conscience or moral sense has the conception of an absolute Right and its obligation ; something quite beyond the calculated prudence and utilities of the understanding.

Here, the spiritual Affections are kindled to the love of, the yearning for, the devotion to, the perfect good ; a love which when directed toward human objects transforms the mere instinctive bodily love which seeks only for their outward comfort, into a passion for spiritual qualities that seeks their noblest good.

Here, are the energies of the spiritual Will ; that power of Faith which in confident surrender and obedience lives from these ideas and sentiments, makes them vital principles of conduct ; with them overcomes the world, conquers the senses, overrules the estimates of the practical understanding, displaces its expediencies, prudences and policies, accomplishes the things that the outward man declares imprudent, impolitic and impossible.

Here, Imagination transfigures nature with an ideal beauty, or builds her new heaven and new earth of things beyond experience and "not seen as yet."

Here, Wonder explores that Mystery of the Invisible, which to the senses and the understanding is a blank abyss, or a dead wall ; but to the spirit is as the transparent darkness of midnight skies, under which she stands not fearful, but sublimely uplifted.

Here, Reverence in rapt and exalted humility enters the holy of holies, bends and adores.

Here, spirit meets Spirit : God is named, is known, is received, is obeyed, an inspiring Life, an indwelling Law.

Here man knows himself the son of God, by the spirit of the Father which dwelleth in him. Nor mine nor Thine ; all Thine is mine, and mine Thine. I in Thee, Thou in me. The Father in him speaking the word, doing the work. He and the Father one.

For this spiritual nature in man is the true son of God ; "born not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, not of blood or the will of the flesh, but of God : " made in His image, capable of receiving of His fullness ; Immanuel, God with us. It is the manifestation of God to man ; for the human spirit is the only form in which we can see what God is. It is the Word of God to man, for in it His Truth speaks, His Will works, the perpetual prophecy and revelation. God

hath committed all judgment to it ; for in it the Conscience proclaims his moral law, and stands forever accusing or excusing. And as it is Judge, so is it Redeemer, through the divine powers and life which are communicated through it, consecrating the outward. It is the Reconciler and Mediator between God and man, for in it are God and man united in one : since in the highest moments and action of the spirit it is impossible to separate between the Divine and the human.

Is the dream too bold? Is the claim too presumptuous? Nay, we will not refuse our birth-right. Rather with humble but joyful confidence we will take up the old words, "Behold what love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God." "Sons of God, and if sons, then heirs, joint heirs with Christ." "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God the same are sons of God." "That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." "One God and Father of all, above all, through all, *in you all*." For "if we love one another God dwelleth in us." Or we may remember still other words : "I am the light of the world." "Ye are the light of the world." "The works that I do, ye shall do also, and greater, because I go to the Father." "My Father and your Father, my God and your God." "And when the Comforter, which is the Spirit of Truth shall come, he shall lead you into all truth."

This great truth of the sonship of the spirit in man, has been shadowed forth and kept alive by the dogma which asserts it of one man. But as that dogma virtually denies it of all others, even as a possibility ; as it teaches a remote and alienated God, and a human nature fallen and utterly disabled ; as it virtually denies the humanity of Jesus, by making him the absolute God ; as even in the churches which teach the Fatherhood of God and the purity and dignity of human nature, Jesus is still set apart from humanity as official and miraculous Mediator, Lord and King, and made a demi-god, a mythological personage, neither God nor man ;—it is not too much to say that the prevalent doctrine of "Christ," whether in the Orthodox or the Liberal churches, has become a hindrance rather than a help to men's spiritual growth.

Rightly interpreted, indeed, what is that life of Jesus but an assertion of the spiritual possibilities of man, and of God's intimate and indwelling presence in the spirit of man? What was his heart's desire but to bring men to the Father, not to stand forever between them and Him.

And yet of that life we cannot venture longer to speak without a reservation. For who can know certainly what that life was? We have a record ; but who can know how nearly it corresponds to the

deeds actually done, to the words actually spoken? The life is long since ended; the witnesses dead; the documents are not authenticated. No free and competent critic accepts them as fully historical. To destroy that claim was easy. But out of the fragments who is competent to reconstruct the reality? What are all these recent attempts but proofs that such historical reconstruction is no longer possible? Each selects, arranges, interprets, quite arbitrarily, according to his individual ideal. Thus we get the life of Jesus at third hand. Beautiful, noble, sacred, vividly human. But the child's question recurs, is it *true*? One thing is plain, that it can no longer be *personal authority* to us in belief or conduct. It is always easier to know whether a thing be right, or a doctrine true, than to know whether Jesus did or spoke it. What then? Another superstition gone, sacred and precious as was the superstition of the Deity of Jesus. And tender hearts are pained, as they were pained when that was denied; and timid ones tremble as they did then, lest Christianity and religion were undermined. Another idol shattered; that the true God may be revealed. And while men cry, "Ye have taken away my Lord;" a voice answers, "It is expedient for you that I go away, else will not the Spirit come to you." Another superstition gone, another idol shattered. And what remains? An ideal of human excellence and sanctity; words of moral and spiritual truth, which our highest nature recognizes. And while these remain so recognized, they remain to judge us and to redeem us. God and the human soul remain. Is that so little? Is it not all? God the Spirit, unspeakable near to us, "nearer to us than our own bodies are." Man, a spirit, capable of knowing, loving, receiving Him. Are we lost because we are left alone with our *Father*?

His children we are, not by adoption, but by birth. For, as I said, this spiritual being, and son of God, is by birth in every man as a germ, as a latency, as a capacity. Every man becomes a conscious son of God, in proportion as he consciously lives in and from his highest nature.

What it is we all know in part. Not one of us but has had the experience that has revealed it to us, if we knew how to name it, this life of God in the soul, this birth of the son of God in the flesh.

Whenever, in answer to prayer, some great strength and peace have filled our hearts, which nothing outward could explain or justify; some great tranquility in the midst of anguish, some great energy in difficulty, some great gladness in sorrow, some great light in darkness; coming to us, we knew not how, but only knew that it came, and felt it to be from above ourselves; — then God came to us; the



experience was an experience of spiritual, of eternal, life. It was an inspiration and a revelation.

When, in answer to noble right doing, there has been given to our conscience an energy of righteous purpose, the invigoration of a vital principle of justice ;—then God has come to us ; and the experience was an experience of spiritual, eternal life ; it was an inspiration, and a revelation.

When, in answer to our earnest seeking to know the truth that we might do the will of God, there has been given to our reason the clear vision and strong conviction of some truth, which we felt must be forever true ;—then God has come to us ; the experience was an experience of spiritual, of eternal life ; it was an inspiration and a revelation.

In saying that Inspiration is open to all, I do not mean to say that every man's every notion, opinion, whim, fancy, is a revelation from God. But I say that his clear convictions of truth, his earnest persuasions of right, his profound and exalted feelings of inward power, peace and joy : that these are revelations of God to him ; and that he is bound to receive and obey them as such. I do not say that a man will receive inspiration from God by passively surrendering himself to be possessed by whatever may enter his vacated mind and will ; but I say that the energetic exercise of our highest faculties will bring to us the co-operating, quickening, illuminating presence of the Divine Spirit.

I do not say that the revelations thus made are infallible ; but I say they are authoritative for the individual.

Infallibility is not for man, but authority is for him ; and firm conviction ; entire faith ; and the growing approximation to the absolute truth.

I must state further my conviction that no other revelation than this is possible to man. No inspired prophet or teacher can make a revelation to us, except as his words awaken our reason to have direct perception of the truth which was in his ; awaken our conscience to have a direct sense, of the obligation of the law which he proclaims. Nothing is truth to a man, no matter by what divine voice it be spoken in his ear, except it become such a personal perception and conviction. Till then it is but tradition and memory ; like talk of color to a blind man, only words ; a lesson learned by rote, an outward rule and regulation possibly, but not a vital redeeming principle, not the truth, which makes us free. And only because the germs of all truth lie in the spiritual nature of every man, as child of God, can any of God's messengers reveal His truth, His

will. As God has sowed the earth broadcast with germs of vegetable life, so He has sowed the world of souls broadcast with germs of truth.

The starting into life of such a germ is the response of the soul to an inspired utterance, and is to that soul the authentication of the inspiration ; the witness of the Spirit which we have in ourselves.

I know how much is made of the external proof of truths by means of miracles, even to declaring them to be the only possible way of authenticating a revelation. Against this time-honored statement the spiritual nature of man protests, claiming that it is its function to perceive truth as it is that of the eye to see colors.

This sphere of man's spiritual nature, as it is the sphere of spiritual experience, is also necessarily that of spiritual science or Theology. The central idea of Theology, the being of God, is possible only to it. The scientific observer of the outward world, using his senses and his practical understanding, which are the appropriate organs of his science, can find no God in Nature. The Positivist is right in saying that he discovers in the outward universe no Infinite, no Spirit ; no Law or Cause, even ; but only phenomena and an invariable sequence. All those ideas come from another source. But the Positivist is not right in saying that they are pure hypotheses, and have no reality corresponding to them. Observation and reasoning will not find God ; but the spiritual nature of man declares him. And the man who has found God in his own quickened spirit may afterwards go into Nature and trace everywhere reverently His methods of working in that outer sphere.

And as the study of this inner life is Theology, so the life itself, the life of God in the human spirit, is Religion. And when I say the life of God in the spirit of man, I mean no figure of speech whatever. I use the words in their directest sense. When we exercise our bodies in Nature, we all know what invisible forces, chemical and vital, of light, of electricity, and the like, flow into us, working in blood and nerve and tissue, to heal and invigorate, becoming actually incorporated with our frames, living and working in and through them. Just so truly, whenever we exercise our spiritual faculties do spiritual forces from beyond us enter, quicken, invigorate, become incorporated with, our spirits. So God lives in, works through us. If a man opens his eyes the light comes in ; if he expands his lungs the air flows in. We cannot turn our Reason toward Truth, or our Conscience toward Right, or our Affection toward Good, or our Will toward the doing of either, but what the omnipresent Spirit of Truth, of Righteousness, of Love, of Power, — and that is God, flows

into them. They become channels of His energy, and are re-enforced from beyond themselves. It is ourselves, but something more than ourselves. Perfectly natural, already familiar is this. Only we want to give it the right name. Religious men in all ages have rightly named it. Those who read their words fancy it was something peculiar to them, something miraculous perhaps, not knowing that they themselves had had the same experience. "The Father who dwelleth in me, doeth the works." "If we love one another God dwelleth in us."

I spoke of this spiritual nature as an original capacity. We come into full possession of our spiritual powers, as of our bodily powers, by exercise. And the exercise of unused limbs may be painful, and must cost effort and sacrifice of momentary ease. Not by influence alone, but by effort and sacrifice, is the spiritual life developed within us. By a resolute choice of the higher and a resolute putting aside of the lower, whenever they conflict: by a devotion of the outward and material to the inward and invisible: by giving up a bodily advantage to secure a spiritual integrity; by living for ideas and principles; by making sacrifice of money, position, fashion, popularity, external power to truth and duty: these are the daily appointed ways of gaining the Higher Life. Whatever loosens the power of outward things over us and our dependence on them; whatever lifts us to a nobler thought and action; these we are to welcome, as too often we shun them. For by them we enter into Life.

We are not called upon to leave life, but to consecrate and ennoble life. We are to infuse from spiritual sources a spiritual element into its ordinary details, by meeting and performing them under the inspiration of conscientious faithfulness, of cheerful self-denial, of generous thoughtfulness for other's good. And so we are to convert them all into channels of divine ideas and of God's good will to men.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

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I HAVE a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God. I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near to me as God. . . . . A man is more blessed or less blessed in the same measure as he is aware of the presence of God.

JOHN TAULER.

## WASHINGTON.

FEBRUARY 22, 1732.

TO a devout Catholic, almost every day in the year wears a halo that is borrowed from the lives of famous men and women of the past ; the day of St. Francis, the ascetic, of St. Theresa, St. Bridget, the mystic ; of St. Ignatius, the founder of Jesuits ; of Bertha and Catherine, the charitable ; St. Bernard, the intellectual apostle. But to the mass of Catholic communities these names are little more than idols, and the respect paid to them, a mere humdrum of priests and ceremony. Protestants might have a calendar of notables, in which every name, distinctly representative of some high qualities, might be profitably recalled upon the dates that belong to them, interpreted by love and common sense, illustrated historically and spiritually, and recommended to the people. It is only ignorance that thinks too much or too little of great names. There is something in the enlightened heart which thrills at the dates belonging to noble people, of their birth or death, or the day of their greatest exploit. The events which they made illustrious are the relics of their lives. We adore those relics. The love of the relics of greatness is deep in human nature. The Catholic shows it all run to seed for want of common sense ; he worships a bit of the cross, or the holy coat, or St. Veronica's handkerchief, or grovels before a case of old bones rigged in atrocious millinery. The Protestant despises all these things, yet there is something in his heart which sends him in the same direction, and he sometimes, over the relics of Luther, at the birthplace of Shakspeare, or on Plymouth Rock, narrowly escapes going down on his knees plumply as any Catholic at Rome or Jerusalem. Two or three stately apartments in the Louvre are entirely devoted to relics of the great men of France. One of them is filled with articles that belonged to the first Napoleon, his camp-furniture, his favorite arms, parade-swords, horse-trappings, uniforms, the gray coat and the three-cornered hat. This apartment is a shrine to which the multitudes of France repair ; the name of Napoleon is the lamp that lights it, fed incessantly by the fond recollections of the people. It is a worship which the present Napoleon instituted to keep his own name in good repute. He cannot wear the old gray coat, but he can pull on the lion's fame.

The love of relics and of noble names will last, for there will always be men enough to be inspired by them. We need not be afraid of growing foolish over these things because so much super-

stition has befouled them. I do not see why we should not be specially grateful, and make admiring mention of the days on which John Huss and Wickliff were burnt, and Shakspeare, Milton, Cromwell, Florence Nightingale, Washington, John Brown, and Lincoln were born, to observe for what purpose their lives were led, and what great principles, making divine instruments of them, were displayed.

Washington was once a famous name to conjure with. Has the charm faded out, till it is like bundles of herbs kept too long in the garret? There they hang, though the virtue evaporated long ago. Not so, if the people still revere and cherish the qualities which made that name terrible to Hessians and Aristocrats, and distributed it as firewood to desponding hearts. If Washingtonism be with us, Washington need not be here. We throw his name before us, as the Scotch warrior threw the heart of Robert Bruce into the middle of the battle, and we keep fighting our way up to it; it is the people hazarding its vital part, but in so doing combatting vitally, with all the resources which issue from the depths of a great character.

What was the character to which we love to remember that once the name of Washington was given? We have not space to rehearse the actions of his life, but we can observe the qualities which made him first in war, and first in peace. There were moments during the Rebellion when those qualities seemed to have seceded with Mt. Vernon and Virginia, to embattle and sustain the traitorous minority; gloomy moments, too, when apparently everything else that we thought belonged to the American people had seceded; cunning and daring strategy, Yankee circumvention, brilliant intelligence, an audacious front and an obstinate temper, seemed to have gone over to the enemy. It was well. They went for a time to show how short-breathed they are in a long war against the principles of Unity, Free-Labor, and civilizing Intelligence. The present reaction and delay will teach afresh the same lesson, and commend the people again to the moral qualities which outwit craft, outtire the wiriest muscle, and outlive apparent ruin.

Washington was not an adroit and shifty general, like many of those Southern men who extorted victory from the most unpromising chances. He was not a great entrencher and artillerist, like Beauregard; not a good partizan soldier, like Morgan, Forrest and Stuart; not so sudden, headlong, and burning, as Jackson. Nor was he so fortunate in the undivided hearts of all his officers as Lee and Johnston were; for he often had to fight while cabal and jealousy were sapping his own camp. He was not so well acquainted with the organization and discipline of an army, as Baron Steuben, to whom he

owed his first successes. He could not hold so many men in hand as Wellington and Napoleon. Indeed, he never fought with a larger number than twenty thousand, and there is many a militia colonel now-a-days, who will promise you to manage such a handful. We lost much in long waiting for a single General so capable as Lee, of combining the movements of five or six bodies, each as large, to make them all tell at a given moment for a given purpose. Washington was embarrassed, as we were, by the uncertain term of enlistments, the loose and independent habits of the volunteers, by lukewarm and careless officers, by the gross frauds and shameful waste of the subsistence department. He suffered from the hesitations of Congress, from Dickinson's party of compromise, from factions in the principal cities, from jealousy and ambition in the camp. His best Generals, Gates and Lee, intrigued to supplant him, Conway wrote against him; the disappointed Arnold proved a traitor. Congress left the army often without pay and food; in the long winter at Valley Forge and among the Heights of Morristown, the men could not go out of the farmers' houses for want of shoes; their paper-money went down to the shadow of a value. We shall never know how much damage was done by the party in Congress that was hostile to him, for that body sat with closed doors, and the debates have not transpired. But they kept the Revolution languishing for eight years. A brilliant and subtle General would have been demoralized in half that time, a vain and petulant one would have resigned; an ambitious man would have eagerly sought safety and the means of a swift success in assuming dictatorial powers. But Washington tranquilly remained the servant of a Congress that did not half believe in him, and of a people that chafed and grumbled at the long delay. Without powder enough for a dozen rounds per man, he kept the English shut up in Boston for nearly a twelvemonth, holding against them circumvallations that extended nearly twelve miles, from Dorchester to Malden. And his most notable military movement and most brilliant success, followed close upon the most disastrous epoch of the war, when Fort Washington was surrendered and the Hudson opened to the enemy. When the country was steeped in gloom, the steady flame still clung to the altar of his heart; when great successes intoxicated the multitude, the patient flame flared not in the shouts, nor gave out more heat than had already sufficed to pierce the vapor and restore the day. He wintered and summered, with an army that was never more than half content, eight long years of secret treason and disciplined hostility, and held his variable ranks together, with a face always turned against the enemy, as the sunshine holds the shifting



hours together into one long conquering day, by no startling and gigantic gestures, but by the clear and ever steady shining of a heart and mind all one, all lucid and glowing, all devoted to its ordained orbit, moving in it all at once with rounded and well-balanced weight.

Constancy is the single word which expresses, in the most portable manner, the character of Washington. His mind was not profound, imaginative, analytic, nimble and daring, but it was constructed of a few sensible ideas, such as the worth of Labor, and of Agriculture, the value of a Union to secure America to Americans, the danger of foreign alliances, the preciousness of the natural rights of mankind; and to these ideas he was constant. He held their hand, without flourishes and exuberance of sentiment, but with a simple cordiality, which kept them always the contented inmates of his life, and his best friends in trouble. All his other qualities sympathized with them; prudence, caution, a capacity for waiting without becoming depressed, long breaths of patience which seemed to inflate his lungs for the magnificent outbursts of battle, when the American Fabius gathered the red rose of his delay; continuous and even friendship, firm as adamant, planted just in the midst between Quixotism and coldness; and a sense of justice high over all, like light at its zenith. Self-possession was a necessary result of all these qualities, an outpost which they advanced to avoid surprise. When, during his Presidency, St. Clair was put in command of an expedition against the Indians, the last impressive injunction of Washington to him was, "Beware of a surprise." Men with more vivid mental endowments than himself had less presence of mind; their very feelings of superiority made them careless and over-confident. Washington quadrupled his powers by steadily maintaining his picket-guard. How many times, at the Battle of Monmouth, for instance, when the versatile and accomplished soldier, Lee, was so surprised that he weakly gave the order to retreat, did this self-possession of Washington reform the fight and save the army. That ragged, ill-fed, saucy, half-drilled army, upon whose capricious bayonets the fortunes of America were poised, was saved, and extricated from disastrous fights, withdrawn and secluded till it had recovered its self-respect, many times during the Revolution, by this cold and constant mind, who was accused of ruining America by his delays.

But he was tenacious also; he represented American ideas, and though often baffled, he returned to them without tumult, but with an inevitableness like the needle disturbed by your finger. Indeed he was a simple, elemental man, following the robust methods of Nature, and always to be found on the lines of her great forces, not



in vehement motion, but very overcoming nevertheless. Soldiers sometimes try to stop with their foot a cannon-ball that seems to have parted with all its velocity, and to be only bowling along the ground. It is certain death to do it, for the easy movement still masks the power of its fervid birth from the cannon. Washington never seemed vivid, but it was fatal to be in his way ; it was not a balloon, this dense mass rolling in the path of shattering power. He was tenacious, still moving with the impulse of his country's great ideas, long after other men had burst their gay air-bags, or felt the wax melted from their wings. Jefferson Davis had a grip ; his lower jaw was built for holding on ; but Washington had a steady pressure ever in the same direction, like so many quiet and invisible tons weight of atmosphere to the square inch. He did not need to grip like a masticiff, who could outlive like the sun. And yet his massive jaw could also take firm hold of a situation, wring it and shake it into docility.

All the words expressive of moral qualities, which you select for application to the character of Washington, Truth, Justice, Self-possession, Tenacity, Patience, Resolution, must yet come under the dominion of one other word, before they acquire the value which they had in him. That word is *Constancy*. Constant to his early habits, constant to his friends, constant to the rights of a case, to his country's home-spun thoughts, to the passion for liberty, to the plan for a campaign, to his policy of prudence, to his faith in man. He was constant in danger, privation, obloquy, misrepresentation, never caring to defend himself, except by the magnificent answer of victory, and he would wait till victory could peal from her trumpet a note for him that none could gainsay. He was constant to the American idea, and to his conviction that it ultimately would prevail. This was his wife, while Martha Washington pined and waited at Mt. Vernon ; it shared his winter hut at Valley Forge, sweetened hours of treachery and gloom, retreated undismayed with him from every lost field, crossed with him the Delaware, rode at his right hand while danger was riding at his left, and sat down with him at last before Yorktown to receive the honor of a captured sword. We owe America to this wedded faithfulness of Washington to the conviction that America would ultimately prevail. It was like every other happy marriage, which exalts and strengthens the powers of a man and unobservedly lends them great effectiveness. When everything else had gone to pieces, Washington still had this undismayed better-half of himself, faith in America, — yes, America herself, frank daughter of the prairie and the mountain-side, nurtured in primeval woods and refreshed by the spring torrents of the opening year ; hardy and resolute, first maiden of

the West, able to follow her lover through heat and cold and the sulphurous cloud of battle, married in secret and proclaimed at last by Victory.

America was constant to him who was constant to her. That is the secret of our revolutionary success. Sometimes there was not gunpowder enough in the camp to fire a salute, sometimes not bread and meat enough to repulse the scurvy. There was always plenty of jealousy and disaffection, plenty of insidious plotting of envious and selfish men, plenty of disguised Toryism that would betray the dearest household friends, and a suffering and outraged people, to gratify its spite : plenty of open Toryism that made a principle of Royalty, and opposed the Revolution from conviction. But underneath all this was a steadfast, popular heart, that yearned towards its steadfast General ; and wherever Washington drove his tent-pegs, there for a time he fastened himself close to the ground of his country, and his ear detected the footstep of America coming to his camp. He heard it above the mutterings of treason and faction, and set it to the music of his cannon, as they pealed into disconcerted ears the throbs of America's untamable heart.

This is the lesson for the birthday of Washington that falls in this winter of our discontent. Be constant to the principles, physical, mental, moral, spiritual, all labelled with the epithet "free," and which we know are synonymous with the name of our Country. Believe in them more than in anything else you see or suffer. Through all these moments of reawakening treason and disaffection, and through this feeling of reaction which is the shadow cast by enthusiasm, and during the distrust which is sown so plentifully by the fettered hand of delay, be all like one Washington, be filled with his instinct for a pure and righteous Liberty, for it was that which encouraged all his other powers, and compelled even disasters to pull at his rowlocks and shoot his battered keel into smooth water. Have a people's simple, uncorrupted faith in being a people and in having America for a birth-right. It is our fathers' farm, enlarged by our own well-directed labors ; upon it we have built a house and an altar, and our ploughs mark glorious words upon its surface. Let us be constant like our ploughshares, and as direct. And if our thoughts ever travel away from our fields, let them go as Stark and Putnam did, from their straight furrow to deeds as straight and as sincere, not to lurk in the camp of our Country with disaffection or anxiety, to demoralize it and betray, but to send thrills of cheer and comfort through its representative men, and to walk among them with our undying convictions, as Washington once walked.

We cannot feel thoroughly instructed by the character of Washington, until we observe him as a holder of slaves ; and here, too, his moral sense anticipated the better conscience of this hour. His eulogists, in the vain effort to stifle a question which the slaveholder himself has been eager to raise, have hitherto attempted to forget that Washington was in favor of the emancipation of the slaves. Washington's admonitions upon the value of the Union were not the sectional appeals of one who desired to preserve his right to hold property in man. His temper on this point lends a Northern color to his words ; and he would be the first to hate a Union which proposed to shelter Rebellion, or to rehabilitate its cause.

On the 18th July, 1774, he was the Chairman of a Committee, at a meeting in Fairfax, Virginia, which reported the strongest resolutions against the further importation of slaves into the Colony, calling it "a wicked, cruel and unnatural trade ;" these resolves he presented at a subsequent Convention. When Edward Rutledge attempted to compel the discharge of the negroes who had fought in the Revolutionary army for a year, it was Washington who took the responsibility of retaining them, and who procured the assent of Congress to their re-enlistment : "they served in the ranks of the American armies during every period of the war." In 1786, we find him writing thus to Robert Morris, alluding to the efforts of some persons to liberate slaves without the consent of the masters : "I hope it will not be conceived from these observations that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subjects of this letter, in slavery. I can only say, that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see some plan adopted for the abolition of it." And in the same year he writes thus to another friend : "I never mean, unless some particular circumstance should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase ; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." In 1796, he is found comparing Virginia and Maryland with Pennsylvania, and the advance in the price of land in the latter state is attributed by him to its laws for the gradual abolition of slavery, "which neither of the two states above mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than they must have, and at a period not remote." He replies, in 1783, to a suggestion made by Lafayette, who knew his mind upon this point : "The scheme, my dear Marquis, which you propose as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country, from that state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart ; I shall be happy to join you

in so laudable a work." And when, three years later, Lafayette purchased an estate in Cayenne, expressly to try the experiment of free labor, Washington writes to him : "Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country. But I despair of seeing it." When two of Washington's slaves escaped to the North, who were dower-negroes for whom he felt accountable, his instructions to his agent were by no means to do anything in the matter which should shock the religious feeling of the Northern people ; he would prefer, he said, never to see the slaves again, and to make good their loss. These fugitives were never recovered. Two years before his death, he pens to his nephew these prophetic words : "I wish from my soul that the Legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. It might prevent much future mischief." And finally, in the second item of his will, he provided emancipation for all the slaves which he held in his own right. What a mass of evidence is here that Washington would have abhorred a Union specially continued for the protection of Slavery : and yet it has been deliberately stifled, that the great name might appear to lend itself to such a baseness : and the crowning justice of his character has been the terror of his eulogists. Would he have been found during the last ten years by the side of such eulogists ?

In the city of Richmond there stands Crawford's equestrian statue of the Father of his Country. When Mr. Everett visited Richmond in February, 1858, to assist at its inauguration, he said to the assembled people : "Monuments are the embodiments of patriotism, truth, fidelity to country, and services for the common good. I tell you that as long as that noble work shall brave the snows of winter and the heat of summer, if the arm of flesh shall ever fail to sustain you, that rigid arm will buoy you up, and be a terror to traitors. I tell you that thunder more furious than the elements will clothe the neck of that war-horse, to strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of the Union and the Constitution." A little more than three years after this inauguration of a "terror to traitors," a Richmond mob, frantic with whiskey and the sound of Beauregard's cannon, hoisted a negro up to the marble shoulders of Virginia's hero, and as he clung there, a black collar of slavery riveted around the neck of America, they sent their caps into the air, and flung out the poisoned breath of their shouting, with jeers and laughter. What action has there been more symbolical than that ? The slave must ride upon the shoulders of America. Washington is good for slave-holding, or good for nothing. That is the creed and purpose of a reawakening Rebellion.

We have taken down the slave from his insolent seat upon the shoulders of America, undone his dishonoring grasp of that majestic forehead. But it now remains for us to set him on his feet, no longer the country's ridicule and shame, but her child, pupil, comrade, her soldier too, and a "terror to traitors."

"That rigid arm" will not buoy us up, but the constancy and fortitude which that unblenching marble represents, shall be an arm stretched out of every loyal state and village, with a vote for every hand that will vindicate the principles of Washington.

JOHN WEISS.

### AN ORDINATION.

ON the 3d of January, Mr. JAMES VILA BLAKE was ordained Minister of the First Parish in Haverhill, Massachusetts. We give below a portion of the service.

#### ORDINATION BY THE PEOPLE.

Judge Isaac Ames, in behalf of a Committee of five from the Society, spoke as follows :

FRIENDS : — We, who now appear before you on this occasion, present ourselves as the Representatives of the People, both Parish and Society, who constitute this church, for the purpose of officially investing Mr. James Vila Blake with the duties of their minister.

Members of the Parish and Society : — As your Representatives, we are here to constitute and ordain Mr. James Vila Blake as our minister.

Both as Parish and Society we have heretofore, by formal votes invited him to take upon himself this office. We understand that he comes among us to occupy a free pulpit, pledged to the propagation of no particular creed, nor to obedience to any outward authority in matters of government or faith : but that he *does* come pledged to the development of practical Christianity — Love to man and Love to God, using for that end all the power and faculty with which God has endowed him, and by means of as much Truth as can be acquired in freedom and applied in fidelity. We further say, by virtue of the authority you have vested in us, that our election imposes on him whom we have chosen, no condition, but that of speaking the truth, as he sees it, without fear or favor.

If such be not the fact, we call upon you to speak out *now*, and to make known the truth to us, your Representatives, and to the people here assembled.

And now, Sir, in your presence and hearing, and in the presence and

hearing of these witnesses, the People of this Parish and Society, have in this public manner ratified and confirmed their former action, and have declared to you the purpose for, and the condition upon which, they have invited you to become their minister, and as we have called upon the Parish and Society, if we have not truly represented them in the premises to speak out *now*, so in like manner, we call upon you, in their name, if, after this declaration by them, you know of *any* reason why, upon the conditions named, you cannot faithfully perform the duties of the office you have been called by this people to discharge, *here* and *now* to make known the same.

Recognizing then, your ratification of your previous vote, as we have already that of the Parish and Society, we give you our right hands in their behalf.

And now, Sir, in the name of the People of the Parish and Society whose Representatives we are, we pronounce you duly constituted and ordained our minister, and invested with all the rights, duties, and privileges thereunto appertaining, whether by the laws of man or of God.

#### RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP,

By S. H. Morse, former minister to the Society.

MY DEAR BROTHER :— You know that I expressed to you some doubt of the propriety of my part on this occasion. I have been able to clear that matter up, to my own satisfaction, at least. But not without discovering that the welcome, the fellowship I shall give you, takes more the form of a welcome from the secular world than from the fraternity of Churches. I seem to find myself outside the Church and its professions ; and begin to feel that I belong more in the ranks of my fellow-men.

But we of the world have a profound interest in you, because we believe that in a larger and better sense than is common, you will represent the world in your place, and do much therein that is serviceable to man.

I therefore bring you greetings from the world ! I tender you its fellowship ; the fellowship of your townsmen, I offer you ; the fellowship of the aged, the middle aged, and the young ; the poor, the rich, the unlearned and the learned, the mechanic, the tradesman, men of all professions ; the fellowship of sinners and of saints, if you shall find them ; these all must welcome you, though they know it not ; what you bring cannot fail in its mission ; your influence will go where you do not, where you cannot go ; your voice will be heard when you know not you are speaking ; you will speak when you are silent ; you will be present when absent :— how can a man be hid !—

It is a worthy labor we welcome you to. Aside from the daily avocations of men, which have their justification in the needs of the body, and those departments of learning which store the mind with facts of history, geography, natural science, and have their justification in so doing, men of the world are also demanding facts of character : they want to see that beauty and order of the moral life, which bestows blessing at all times, and

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binds the race in fraternity and peace. It is for you to stand among your fellows in that relation.

As prophet of better things, as poet of the soul, taking our every-day life, disclosing its nobler side, parting clouds for sunlight, making the reality appear more glorious than fable, you have indeed the high mission all men covet.

Goethe's definition of true poetry seems well to describe the character of the service every true teacher must render. "True poetry," he says, "announces itself in this, that it knows how to relieve us of the earthly burdens which oppress us, by inner cheerfulness and outer comfort. Like a balloon, poetry lifts us, with the ballast attached, into higher regions, and shows the confused labyrinthian walks of earth in their proper order." This is indeed the work men will hail in you. They would not have you sever them from the earth, but, by showing them law, love, glory here, lift them to the heights of intelligent, joyous, daily worship.

In the name of this humanity, then, I salute you, and bid you most hearty welcome!

It gives me especial pleasure to welcome you to this desk. Not long ago, I sped away and left it, with more struggle then, than many knew: for it was like going away from home. My affection lingers here, even though the place is now yours. Here stand loyal to yourself. It has been said to-night, with what emphasts you well know, that this desk is free. But I conjure you to believe that that is a mistake. It is in chains, in bondage: in bondage to truth, principle, and love. You are its keeper. And so I welcome you. Here is my right hand. With it goes my whole heart. God speed you! God bless you!

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### THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF A CHURCH. \*

"**T**HINK not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." This is the necessity of one who speaks the truth freely and fearlessly; or, to include both words in one, sincerely. Such a one cannot help bringing a sword into the midst of men. There is immediate division; men rank themselves for or against him; and, if freedom is maintained, the two ranks soon disagree among themselves, and there is subdivision endless. If men live in charity and toleration, disagree with mutual honor for each other and fidelity to themselves; let nature take her

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\* A Discourse, given at Haverhill, Mass., on Sunday, January 18th, 1867. We depart from our custom of late, excluding sermons from *THE RADICAL*, and give place to this one, by Mr. Blake, as it may with propriety follow the notice of his ordination.



course unhampered by contrivances for deluding her into uniformity, the sword becomes a symbol, like that unsheathed between the lovers,—a symbol of mutual respect and dutiful separation. But nature is not given fair play, and men are not tolerant, and so the sword has been anciently, and is now, no symbol nor figure of speech, but a reality in battle ; battle where men have harmed each other for opinion's sake, and could find no way of staining heresy but with blood or flame. And where rancor and fanaticism have not gone to such lengths, the sword, as a means of outward violence and coercive measures, has had a realization sufficiently literal in the social exclusions and unkindnesses, the personal bitterness, the slack hand and averted face, the odious names and designations, which men mete out to those who differ from them in opinion. The sword of which Jesus speaks he did not bring nor send ; it was in the world and doing its work before him ; it was forged in the fire which burned in the first great soul. But Jesus sharpened it, so that he died of it himself on Calvary, and it did terrible work in the Roman Amphitheatre.

Now these two swords, the sword symbolic or figurative, expressing spiritual purity, life, and sincerity, and the literal sword of blood and proscription, are mutually exclusive. As one is in the ascendant, the other declines ; as the power of one waxes, the other wanes.

Look about you, friends, and you will see both these swords among us. First, there is the sword of proscription, which is used when chief magistrates expel recklessly from office faithful officers for political differences ; when school teachers must lose their living if they lose their orthodoxy : when men of doubtful Calvinism find that the laws of competition and trade are strangely at fault in their cases ; when the "saint" casts Unitarians, Universalists, Infidels, Atheists, Spiritualists, Positivists, Mohammedans, Mormons, Brahmins, Buddhists, and Heathens, into one class, and shuns them with unctuous horror ; when pulpits are closed against new or free thought, and ministers leave the bench on which its representative sits ; when men are in any manner regarded askance and deprived of a single ray of the priceless light of brotherly love and sympathy upon their path, because of intellectual differences. But though the literal sword, the sword of proscription, yet remains, it is no longer a sword of steel plunged with visible atrocity into a man's heart ; we do not see blood in the market places, or the stake, or the faggot. And for this reason, secondly, *the figurative sword* is especially and strikingly visible in our time. Everywhere we see definition, separation. As truth or truth-speaking ceases to bring violence and proscription, it brings division, honest differences, sincere but peaceful

secessions. Observe how men can no longer be estimated in masses. Lately a negro was valuable in proportion to his weight, like a trip-hammer. Now he is individualized, detached from a mere bulk of human muscle, and is positively cosseted and flattered by office-seekers at Washington. Society is not now composed of two great interests, as in ancient France, the Lords and the Commons: it is broken into a hundred parties, sects, platforms, confederations, trade-unions, associations, all of which must have a hearing and a representation. In religion and theology a man is "at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law:" in politics a man's "foes are they of his own household." Men and women step forth fearlessly from their childhood's faith. Great churches are split: the Church of England scarce holds together, though it prays against schism every Sunday; the Roman Church, now that it can no longer hold the *auto-da-fe* and inquisition-court, is rent and torn unmercifully with schism and heresy: there are new and old school Presbyterians; the Christians branch off from the Baptists; the Spiritualists collect wanderers from every fold; the Unitarians sprang within our own memories from Calvinism; now we can scarcely hold together; at New York, at Syracuse, and elsewhere, has been sounded the cry, Separation. Thus as the sword lay between Tristan and Isolde, does it lie between every earnest soul and every other earnest soul, signifying friendship but no bondage; the retention by each soul of its pure virginity, its unbought, unsold, unbound freedom, which is one with sincerity and moral worth. This tendency is especially manifested in these our times, this separating influence is peculiarly powerful, because violence of a gross kind, political tyranny and interference, have vanished before the rise of the people and the development of Republican ideas.

But if the sword between Tristan and Isolde betokened honorable distance and separation, their companionship betokened love. And because we thus tend apart to individuality, is it necessary that each man should sojourn alone in a cave, with roots for food and squirrels for pets? No: our little church, in which we assemble here from week to week to join in prayer, in song, in meditation on words which aim at instruction, is a fact as great, as noteworthy, as significant, as the separation of which I have spoken. If men drift apart by virtue of thought, they cling together by virtue of feeling. The mind divides, the heart unites; truth separates, love binds together. By virtue of his reason, man looks at the stars, is wrapt in celestial

contemplation, leaves others and goes out by himself, advances without a regret into the lonely and trackless infinite ; for has he not himself and the All ? By virtue of his love, man's feet still stand on the earth, and if his mind roves to heaven, it is only that the two may be united ; he yearns for human sympathy in his divine experience ; he would not descend, but he would lift others up to him ; it is very much to feel the generous clasp of the human hand, much to see the face light up with fire at words of ours recounting experiences and thoughts which came to us in loneliness and separation, but which we haste to enjoy in full together. Therefore men gather themselves into brotherhoods, societies of science and art, churches, in order that in sympathetic fellowship (profoundly sympathetic because all who are earnest have a like need,) each may gain strength for that great effort, as well as for that separation and division, which the free quest of truth demands and enforces.

Now, if this that I have said be plain and true, we here come directly upon the practical rule which should guide these brotherhoods, whether of science or religion, in their collective purposes and action. Such brotherhoods, in so far as their object is the furtherance and better development of truth, are founded upon the *thought* principle ; in so far as respects their means for that object, viz., association, they are founded upon the *love* principle. But there is a great difference in the relations which these two principles bear to an association. Only the last is fundamental to it. Each single man is a society for the acquisition and furtherance of truth, a corporation-sole constituted by God for that purpose. An association, therefore, has truth for its object, not because it is an association, but because it is formed of *men* ; and when men choose, they associate as well for games, creeds, banking and episcopacy, as for truth undefined and unlimited. But the *love principle* is fundamental to an *association, as such*, is its cause, origin, constitution, and especial object. Association, by its very nature, is expressive of the need of fellowship, sympathy, and companionship, the need of giving, no less than the need of receiving.

The *love principle*, then, being fundamental to every association, no matter what its objects are, it follows that this cannot be sacrificed, if the association is to exist at all, much more, be living and effective. Every association, by the simple necessity of its nature, the simple right of self-preservation, must insist upon good fellowship between all its members ; sympathy, kindliness, consideration, mutual respect, helpfulness, and charity, are the breath of its life. It must tolerate no frowning upon others who happen to be unlike ourselves ; no arrogances of temper, no assumptions and presumptions,

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no masters, no servants. This, now, being the primary right and duty of an association *as such*, its members may propose to themselves various objects, and the association acquires new rights and duties incidental to the object decided upon. Now there are two great classes of objects from which such an association may choose, the *practical* or *formal*, and the *theoretical* or *spiritual*. If the association sets to itself some practical object, the practice of a given form, the manufacture of a given article, the protection of a trade, the government of a city, the care of the poor, the education of the ignorant, it may make its rules accordingly, and refuse its fellowship to those who cannot feel the sympathy which the nature of association in general requires, in connection with the object of that particular association. This it may do, and violate no duty, be guilty of no inconsistency, because practical matters, as the chess-board, the cricket-field, the machine shop, the asylum, are regulated by precise and formal laws for definite objects, — aim, by their very nature, at *uniformity* of method and result. In such associations, *form* is the object; not liberty, not work in general, but particular work, formal result; and no one can be a member who is not willing to limit his actions to this definite form prescribed.

But how stands the case when men associate for the other class of objects, the theoretical or spiritual, where thought comes in, not as a means, but as an end; where truth-seeking brings in the sword of division, and diversity takes the place of uniformity, the spiritual the place of the formal? Has a fellowship proposing to itself such high objects,—growth in life, search for the truth,—the right to enforce, or even for a moment desire uniformity? to disown any diversity of opinion, however great, which is honestly and earnestly reached? No; for its object necessitates this diversity and it belies itself if it persecute it. Such an association, like others, may require cordial sympathy and fellowship in its objects; but its objects are such as divide, individualize, separate; it proposes no special result; and its members, if true to themselves and their associate end, can be at one only in the spirit, not in form, only in the fellowship of earnestness, effort, sincerity, and freedom. This is manifest enough when illustrated by the case of scientific societies. Who ever heard of a society established to teach chemistry as it was in the days of Lavoisier? or of a Polytechnic School to teach astronomy, physics, and philosophy, as they came from the hands of Galileo, Tycho, Roger Bacon, and the School-Men? The idea is ridiculous; the whole world would laugh at a scientific society with such formal objects. A society of science disowns no man for a theory; Leibnitz and New-

ton, Leibnitz and Clarke, Darwin and Agassiz, are fellows in a fellowship reaching far below the peculiar views and doctrines of either, down to the foundation fact that each loves his science and follows it with his might all used, and his mind all open, no matter where it leads him; and this is to found fellowship on the *spirit*, not on the form. A chemical society demands no adherence to the atomic theory, new or old, to the theory of combining weights or combining volumes; there is no orthodox chemistry. The principle of union is that the members sympathize in the pursuit of chemistry, and this *general* object, which simply defines the class of facts to be searched into, at once removes all form from the objects of the society. It pursues fact, not this or that fact; discovery, not this or that view, whether new or old; and it expects and welcomes that certain and endless diversity and division which is the proof of its free and generous object, and of its activity therein.

And now, friends, to what class of associations do we belong? Is our object the *spirit* or the *form*? Do we meet and bind ourselves together with bonds which reach some way into our hearts, I hope, for a *formal* purpose, to represent and keep before the world's eye some little rivulet flowing from a shady crest through our own little green lot? or for a *spiritual* purpose, to drink from the springs, not of one, but of a thousand hills, nay, of that secret source whose collected waters refresh the earth, and rain on desert sands? We meet here weekly to pray: what desires do we lift up? desires for life and light, for earnestness, for the spirit of truth? or desires for formal salvation, for denominational prosperity? Do we pray for equal courage and humility? that we may seek and faint not, and that truth may visit us from on high? Or do we pray, Lord teach us truth, *provided this be the truth*? Is it the end of our association, friends, to teach Unitarianism as Channing taught it? or as any one else taught it or teaches it? as it was defined at New York or at Syracuse? to proclaim and spread certain views about the Bible, whether Orthodox or unorthodox, Congregational or Episcopalian, Conservative or Radical? to teach and defend certain specified views concerning Jesus, whether that he is our Lord and Saviour, miraculously born and sent, anointed and ordained peculiarly of God, or that he was a man as we are men, sharing our nature and coming into it naturally, and neither our Lord nor our Saviour, but our brother and our friend? Is it the end of our association to vow fidelity to either of these, or to any particular views? I think not. If such be your object, we made a great mistake when I was admitted to membership with you. I certainly stand here for no such purpose. I have no hesitation in

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confessing my theological position. I am a simple and pure theist : and I believe that theism can, and will, build a church, because it can, and will, edify, or build, the soul. But it is only proximately, practically, formally, mediately, and perhaps at present, that I stand here as a *theist* : primarily, spiritually, essentially, and evermore, I stand here only as a *man*. It is my manhood in which I am at one with you who are all men and women, in which we can unite through the love principle ; in my theism, I may be, and in some degree must be, alone, separated, divided. "I would rather (as a noble man says) back out of the universe than be confined to any corner. . . . I cannot put in pawn that wind of the spirit whose direction I cannot for to-morrow forestall. I will not bind myself to my own words of yesterday, and I cannot beyond the moment accept yours. I must reserve from any mortgage those deserts and mountain fastnesses of my own nature whence my refreshment is drawn, and I dare take no responsibility for others' opinions." But I know that such paltry things are not your objects. I think again and again, with pleasure inexpressible, that freedom, which means honesty and truthfulness, was made by you the one condition of my joining you. We are not associated for any view or views ; we are not associated as Unitarians, whether of the Channing or any other school ; but simply as men and women who seek together spiritual life through the exertion of all our powers in efforts after that truth which is not to be otherwise defined, limited or named. Its name is *Truth*, and if we give other names we merely speak of our opinions ; its only definition and limit is this ; that it is true and not false.

Now concerning this bond of the spirit, this union by the love principle without dogmatic constraint. I have to say first, that for us it is the *necessary* bond : and secondly, that it is an all-sufficient bond.

It is necessary for us, because we cannot feel that a church should be founded upon special doctrines, upon formal ends ; we think it should be founded upon love of truth and spiritual ends. If we may illustrate from chivalry, from which certainly we might learn many things to our advantage, we cannot think that our church is an appointed champion to enter the lists for some special issue ; but rather a knight-errant ; errant because we do not fear that we can wander from ourselves or from God, and we are willing, holding fast by our association as brothers in arms, to push off separately into darkness, doubt, and conflict, trusting in our own good right arm, and clothed with "the whole armor of God," "the breastplate of righteousness," "the shield of faith," "the helmet of salvation, and



the sword of the spirit." With such purposes we hope that our church will be vital and pursue the spirit instead of the form ; with any other purposes, we are sure we should be dead, perfunctory, mechanical, in the proportion in which we embraced them heartily. I fear very much that the Unitarians are going the mechanical way. They must have macadamized roads for ease, instead of hills for exercise. They will take the sleeping cars on the Pacific Railroad, and dare no more the plains and Rocky Mountains. They have organized upon a creed ; and from every quarter I hear the interpretation, that thought may be free only within its pale. They have now a definite and formal object, not a spiritual one. There is a particular thing which they pledge themselves to maintain or bring to pass unalterably. I fear they are no longer fellow with the brotherhoods of "star-eyed science" founded on the spirit, but have become kindred with the machine-shop, the trade-union, the chess-club. They are playing a game with the Orthodox ; and it makes very little matter to me which wins, because it is a game. Ours, friends, is no such church ; and if our sister churches continue this course, we must be cut off in time (and we cannot help it) from practical sympathy and co-operation. I do not ignore the name Unitarian. It stands historically for a magnificent protest, which we hope to continue. Yet I care little for any name ; and as it was with Channing, the name Unitarian seems pleasant and proud to me, I think, chiefly because it is despised in the community. If, now, I represent you fairly, is it not plain that the bond of the spirit is all that is left us ? that our church is a human fellowship based primarily on love, and secondarily on an end so wide that the universe does not more than contain it ? and that we can have no formal bond, but only the bond of spiritual earnestness ?

And, secondly, is not this bond all-sufficient ? For mark this : the spirit as a bond of union is simply *ourselves* as a bond of union. We unite, not on the basis of any outward work, any special thing to do or maintain, but on the basis of our own nature, as men and women conscious of far-reaching needs and spiritual cravings ; and this bond is as sufficient, as powerful, as deep, as these needs and cravings. Can we not be content to be ourselves ? Must we be always trying to unite upon something which is foreign to every one of us, and not in that nature which is common to every one of us ? The buffaloes gather on the plains, and the wild deer herd in the forest because they are buffaloes and deer ; and they go about to increase their strength by individual exercise, prancing, kicking, plunging, as each lists ; snuffing the rich air, pawing the ground, and antlering the



bushes around the salt-licks, in glorious freedom. Cannot we unite as men and women? Away down, my friends, beneath all our surface talk, our beliefs, our efforts, lies the spirit, which, like those deeps of the sea, lying below the deepest reach of storms, supports the troubled and tossing surface.

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WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.\*

**I**T is a fact of no small significance, when a tract on the Bible, whether *pro* or *con*, written not "for gratuitous distribution," but costing as much as a poor man's dinner, runs rapidly through eleven respectable editions.

Such an experience of a good "Evangelical" publication, would, we doubt not, be taken by the prophets of Orthodox Christendom as no less than the forerunner of a religious "revival." But is the success of an unorthodox tract of any less significance? And is the fact any less prophetic, of the sure coming of that "Revival of religion which we need?" Certainly it is an occasion for encouragement.

The six pamphlets before us, are specimens of an already considerable and rapidly increasing literature, among us; and are, we think, fairly representatives of its general character and drift. They are very different in style and ability, and hence very unequal in value; but they have a common purpose and a common historical significance.

Undoubtedly, the most useful as manuals, are the tracts entitled "Self-contradictions, &c.," and the little work by Mr. Wright. The former though by no means perfect, sometimes, we think, straining at a gnat, and sometimes swallowing a camel, is nevertheless a convenient hand-book on

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\* **THE BIBLE EXAMINED BY MODERN SCIENCE AND REASON.** Embodying, The true Religion of Reason, Essays, and a Treatise on the Soul as a Materiality, and its Destination. By a New Yorker. New York: Sinclair Toussy. 1863.

**SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.** One hundred and forty-four propositions proved affirmatively and negatively, by quotations from Scripture, without comment. *Eleventh thousand.* New York: A. J. Davis. 1864.

**THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.** Third Edition. By SAMUEL KEESE. New York: Wm. C. Bryant & Co. Printers. 1866.

**THE CONCILIATORS.** Showing the way to Reconcile Man to Man, and all men to God. By SAMUEL KEESE. New York: Wm. C. Bryant & Co. Printers. 1866.

**CHRISTIANITY, ITS INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION, &c.** By CALEB WEEKS. New York: William White & Co. 1866.

**THE ERRORS OF THE BIBLE DEMONSTRATED BY THE TRUTHS OF NATURE.** By HENRY C. WRIGHT. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1866.

the subject of which it treats ; and aught, we believe, to find place as a text book in our Sunday Schools. No Bible class, we are sure, whose ambition or aspiration is to learn what is really the truth, and the *whole* truth, of the Bible contents, ought to graduate from such an institution without first taking a course in this instructive little manual. The short-comings, or rather the overstrainings of the compiler, who has the fairness to make his appeal to the common sense of his readers without any attempt to bias their judgments, will be found, we think, rather useful than otherwise, to the intelligent teacher.

The work of Mr. Wright is almost unobjectionable. It deals, as it ought, almost exclusively with the "*Errors of the Bible*," yet, it is manifest, the writer is not incapable of appreciating either the truths or the beauties of that time-honored volume. He comes to his work with no mean preparation. "Twelve years of his life were spent in an earnest study of that book in the languages in which it purports to have been written, conscientiously believing that in searching it he should find eternal life." He has also done his work in a dignified and manly fashion. "The author has spoken of the Bible and Jesus plainly, but in sincerity and fidelity to his own convictions. The freedom of his remarks may seem impious to those who regard and worship Jesus as God. He regards him as a man, and thinks and speaks of him as a man ; feeling as free to sit in judgment on his words and acts as he does on those of other men."

In the strictures which the writer is constrained to make upon certain alleged teachings of Jesus, he seems to us, somewhat too certain that it is, in fact, Jesus he is criticising. We should be obliged to recognize the almost or quite insurmountable difficulty of separating the genuine from the spurious in the discoveries attributed to this teacher.

Suppose, for example, Theodore Parker had not written a discourse all his life long ; suppose again, that the period of his active ministry had been limited to three years, or perhaps, even to six months,\* and that his audiences during this period had been made up almost exclusively of the poorest and most unlettered people of Boston, who, from the beginning to the end, of his career, were incapable of understanding the simplest statements of his aims and purposes, though he could make them intelligible to a cultivated "man of the world" and a politician in five minutes ; suppose, therefore, that his followers, not being able to enter into the principles of his speculative or his practical philosophy, had been attracted to him, only by his personal influence—not by belief in Parkerism, but by belief in Parker ; allow now an entire generation to intervene, during which time, the half-remembered and half-forgotten, half-understood and half-misunderstood discourses of Parker, are held in solution, in the minds of his friends, and passed from mouth to mouth, with no security against an indiscriminate fusion with similar discourses from Dr. Channing, Father Taylor, Miss Hardinge, and others ; how trustworthy is it supposed would be the best-

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\* Three years, the period of Jesus ministry according to M. Renan, &c ; six months, according to Mr. Martineau.

intentioned compilations of the teachings of Theodore Parker? Yet such is undeniably the character and sources of those documents which undertake to report the discourses of Jesus. Undoubtedly, the gospel histories contain much, substantially, as it fell from the lips of Jesus; but, as undoubtedly, they contain much that purports to have come from him, which in all probability, did not. A very delicate criticism may, perhaps, in some plainer cases, separate the one from the other; but there are nebulae in the heavens which no telescope can resolve; and so there are in the gospels.

These remarks are more especially pertinent, in considering the merits of another of these pamphlets, entitled "The Bible, examined, &c." The writer seems to have had no knowledge of the circumstances in which the Bible was composed and re-composed, edited and re-edited; and hence, in the gospels he makes no one responsible for the teachings, but Jesus, and in the Pentateuch, no one responsible for either teachings or history, but Moses. "The Holy Bible here criticised is the translation usually adopted in this country, and now published by the American Bible Society, New York." Hence, no one will go to this tract to acquaint himself with the results of modern criticism, so rich and so abundant, or going, no one will find much, whether of merit or demerit which he would not meet with in the works of Thomas Paine and his school of the last century — men, God bless them, who, we hope, did their work honestly, but whose work certainly does not need to be done again.

Here is a specimen of the writer's criticism; and it is all he has to say of the grand old prophet, Jeremiah:

"Jeremiah raves with damnation against the people, and yet claims to speak the words of God in chap. i: 9. What a discouraging race of prophets! What bewildered dupes the people must have been under such a succession of terrible prophets and rulers; themselves fierce and revengeful, (they) represented by silly signs and omens, that they were guided by a fierce, a revengeful, and unkind God! What a desecration of Deity — what a perversion of all that is just and good. How can mankind, in this nineteenth century, tolerate such profanity, such vileness, as emanating from a merciful Being?"

This is the sort of justice which we might expect an Orthodox polemic in the interest of Christianity to mete out to one of the noble old classics of Pagan Greece, or Rome.

Doubtless there are some faults in Jeremiah, but when we read them, we do not think of *him*, but of his *times*; and when we follow to its bitter end, the eventful history of this old hero-prophet, of whom we know more than of any other of that noble line to which he belongs, we forget the blemishes altogether, and we see him only in a blaze of glory. Yet we are glad that even this tract has been written; and *we hope it will sell*, till the mischief it does shall literally compel some one of our scholars who has the requisite learning, and some one of our philanthropic associations which has the requisite means to put into the hands of the people, some cheap, but comprehensive and trustworthy manual upon the Bible, which shall do for every man and woman that can read a newspaper, what the learned "Introductions" by Davidson, DeWette, and Bleek do for scholars.

Of the remaining pamphlets before us, we have not room to speak, but they are a part of the same story, and the whole story has one moral. What do the people read, we mean the common people—"the lost,"—akin to those who flocked around Jesus "in the beginning," and such as, we doubt not, would be the first to welcome him to-day, if he were to re-appear among us, in the disguise of his Galilean lowliness and poverty, and the first to hear him gladly—what do these people read? *These pamphlets!* because they can get nothing better,—this is the story. What do they need? A popular introduction to the study of the Bible, accessible to all, giving all the assured results of modern criticism, all the best supported probabilities upon doubtful matters, and a summary of the most respectable conjectures upon questions hopelessly uncertain; in other words, "the Bible illustrated," not by Doré, but by some competent scholar,—this is the moral.

S. C. BEACH.

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#### THE RADICAL.

THE general purpose and character of THE RADICAL is by most of its readers well understood. A word more explicit than any yet spoken, seems, however, to be necessary for a few.

THE RADICAL is a medium for the freest expression of thought on all religious and social topics. No subject important enough to be discussed at all in its pages, is to be pronounced settled, and arbitrarily closed in deference to the popular sentiment. The alarm-bells of ignorance, bigotry, sentimental-piety, wherever heard, it will allow to swing out their force unheeded. It does not believe that the world is to be upset, nor the providence of nature set on fire, or balked, by the frank expression of any man's or woman's opinion, on even the most delicate subjects; but quite the contrary: if there be virtue that *is* thereby imperilled, so frail a virtue is hardly worth the saving: the greater its peril the safer the morals of society. If there be any truth too timid to grant equal terms to error, it will be safer to have it routed until pride pricks up its courage. THE RADICAL would not covertly suppress error, but openly, with full faith in human nature under the sway of freedom, win the day against it.

The Contributors to THE RADICAL are responsible each for his or her own productions, but for no others.

EDITOR.

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#### NOTE BY THE WRITER OF THE FIRST ARTICLE.

IN the reference to Theodore Parker I imply an opinion that he was not a builder of Positive Theology; as it is given to so few men sensibly to be. That he was himself a positive believer, an earnest affirmer in speech and writing of his belief, a passionate worshipper, and an artist to adorn his pages with life-sketches of nature and society, in a pictorial beauty that seemed to run from his pencil abundantly almost as colors from the brush of Rubens, all his readers and hearers remember and know. But for a portrait of his merits my purpose gave no room. Time will do them justice beyond the power of any man.